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242
Oct.
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The cover of MAD Super Special Movie II magazine features a stylized, blocky title in yellow and red. The title is "MAD" in yellow at the top, followed by "SUPER SPECIAL" in white, and "MOVIES!" in large red letters below. To the right of the title is a cartoon illustration of a boy wearing a red beret and green sunglasses, smiling. Below the illustration, the text "OUR PRICE \$2.00" and "SUPER CHEAP" is printed. In the bottom right corner of the cover, it says "SPRING 1984". At the bottom of the cover, there is a strip of text: "A 100-PAGE LOOK AT HOLLYWOOD FROM PAST ISSUES... STARRING". Below this text are six small caricature portraits of celebrities: Marlon Brando, Robert Redford, Sylvester Stallone, John Travolta, Christopher Reeve, and Paul Newman. To the right of these portraits is a barcode with the number "70989 34080" and the text "AND RICH LITTLE AS THE UPC SYMBOL".

THIS MAD
MAGAZINE
IS RATED
ECCH

TALK ABOUT POP CORN!

NUMBER 242

OCTOBER 1983

MAD

"The trouble with doing nothing is you can't quit and rest!"

—Alfred E. Neuman

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ANNE GRIFFITHS *logistics*

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS

the usual gang of idiots

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MAD (ISSN 0024 9219) is published monthly except February, May, August and November by E.C. Publications, Inc., 485 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices. Subscription in U.S.A.: 10 issues \$9.75. Outside U.S.A.: 10 issues \$11.25. Entire contents copyright © 1983 by E.C. Publications, Inc. Allow 10 weeks for change of address to become effective, and include mailing label when making change of address or inquiring about your subscription. POSTMASTER: send address change to MAD, 485 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. The Publisher and Editors will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, and request all manuscripts be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed return envelope. The names of characters used in all MAD fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similarity without satiric purpose to a living person is coincidence.

Printed in U.S.A.

VITAL FEATURES

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—RE-HASH OF
THE JETI"
(A MAD Movie
Satire)
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YOU'RE
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REALLY
100%
SURE...
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NOT ONE LEFT!!

Sad, but true! Not even one of these full color portraits of MAD's "What-Me Worry?" kid, Alfred E. Neuman—suitable for framing or for training puppies—left their piled-high shelf in our stockroom after last issue's clever ad! Maybe we'll move a few of 'em with this one! C'mon, gang! Mail 60¢ for one, \$1.25 for 3, \$2.55 for 9, \$5.15 for 27 or \$10.35 for 81 to: MAD, 485 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022



LETTERS DEPT.

"TOOTSIE"

I would really like to know why you excluded Charles Durning from your "Tootsie Role" satire. He was definitely one of the funniest characters in the movie. I wonder if Larry Siegel and I both saw the same film?

Chris Manson
Florence, AL

"GIMME A BREAK"

I happen to be a fan of "Gimme A Break." I don't appreciate your putting down this great comedy show. If you're gonna make fun of a show, make fun of "Leave It To Beaver" or something like that.

Dwayne Todd
Dayton, Ohio

The reason Charles Durning did not appear in "Tootsie Role" is because he was busy on location filming a new movie when the MAD satire was drawn. As for whether or not you and Larry Siegel saw the same film, Larry says he was at the 6:15 showing and he doesn't remember seeing you there.—Ed.

Why don't you give everybody a break??! Don't waste your paper and our money by making fun of exceedingly mind-eroding, moronic sit-coms that no one watches anyway! (No one, that is, except your "usual gang of idiots" who are beyond hope!)

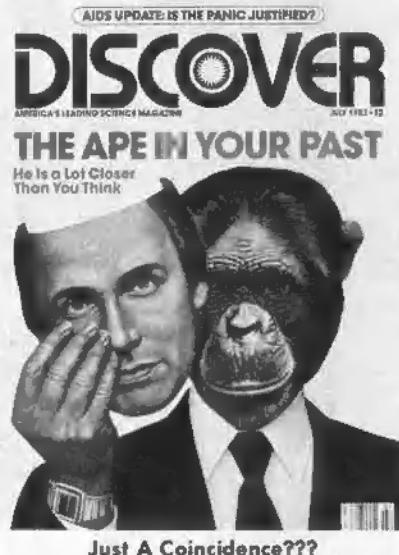
Pat Cunningham
Upchukonue, FL

RIPOFF!

I don't believe it! Now even the distinguished "Discover" magazine has to dig up old MAD Magazines for cover ideas! Take a look at the July 1983 "Discover" and then search through your files for ol' #157 of

MAD (Planet Of The Apes). What a ripoff!

Tom Allnuh
Bethesda, MD



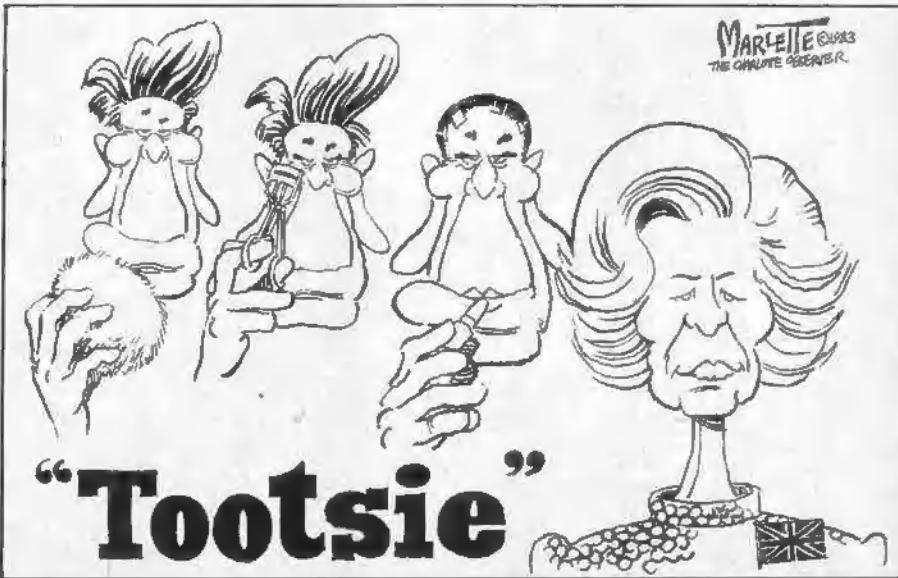
"Discover" is owned by Time Inc. (Remember the great Pac-Man cover scandal?) Need we say more?—Ed.

RIPOFFS CONTINUED

Enclosed is a clipping from the June 15, 1983 edition of the San Diego Tribune. It looks a whole lot like the cover of MAD

#240 (On sale May 12th!)

Freda Phalan
San Diego, CA



MAD E.S.P.

I believe I have found out where CBS gets ideas for their shows. I quote the April 10-April 16 issue of Time Inc.'s new magazine "TV-Cable Week", page 4. "CBS, concerned about the show's sagging ratings, recently came up with a plan to reunite the couple for an hour-long episode next Christmas. In an update of 'A Christmas Carol', Archie would be visited by the ghosts of Christmas past, present and future, all played by Jean Stapleton, returning to her role as Edith." Hmm. This sounds very much like the satire in MAD's January 1982 issue, "Starchie Bonker's Place" or "A Christmas Carol O'Connor". Either MAD E.S.P. has done it again, or the people who program such hits as "Tucker's Witch" and "Zorro and Son" are now so desperate that they're swiping from MAD!

Roy Kassinger
Clark, NJ

MORE MAD E.S.P.?

More MAD E.S.P.? In your satire, "Give Us A Break", you had Don Rickles appear at the end to trade barbs with Nell and to complain that he hasn't done much TV work lately. So what happens? No sooner do I put down my copy of MAD than I see Rickles making a guest appearance on the real "Gimme A Break" and then showing up on "The Tonight Show" to complain that he hadn't been on that show in over two years! Does this qualify as double MAD E.S.P.???

Vivienne Gold
New York, NY

OSBOURNE AGAIN

Ozzy Osbourne is a bat-biting, midget-hanging, goat-murdering, puppy-killer fungus face. It served him right when he got rabies from that bat. To keep Ozzy under control, why don't someone give him a chew toy or throw him some raw meat.

Crystal Reynolds
Port Orchard, WA

The Osbourne Score Board this month: 53 pro Ozzy, 2 against. But, of course, very few bats and hung midgets can write.—Ed.

LOOK...! DOWN IN THE SKY...!

**IT'S A
BIRD
BRAINED IDEA!
IT'S A
PLAIN
AWFUL IDEA!
IT'S
STUPID,
MAN!**

**BUT WHAT CAN YOU
EXPECT FROM MAD'S
MILD-MANNERED
MADDEST ARTIST?**



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- MAD Stew
- The Sound of MAD
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- PORGES How Not To Do It
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THE FARCE BE WITH YOU DEPT.

Hil I'm Princess Laidup! Note that I'm wearing less clothes in this movie than before! That's 'cause my Figure's improved! Unfortunately, my acting HASN'T!

I'm Ham Yoyo! And this is my good friend, Chewbacco!

Arg! Arg! Arrggghh!

But it does make me jealous that he gets the best lines in the movie!!

Hello! I am Dart Zader! My big kick in life is to threaten and scare people! I got my training working for the I.R.S.!

I'm Landough! I'm proud to be in a movie that gives work to minorities! No, I'm not talking about Blacks! I'm talking about Ewoks, Chirpas, Jubbas and Freens!

I'm Cree-pio! I think I've had it after this movie... unless they want me as The Tin Man in a remake of "The Wizard of Oz"!

I'm Lube Skystalker! In this movie, I find out who my Father is...!

And after this movie, I sure hope your REAL Father has a good business you can go into!!



STAR BORES

RE-HASH OF THE

JEDI

How nice to see you, Your Royal Hardhat! You're looking just wonderful! Have you been vacationing out in the sun?

Knock off the small talk! Work on this new Battle Star has not been going fast enough!

But we're already working 14 hours a day!!

Well, then... just double your efforts!

You mean, work 28 hours a day?!

Listen, I'm a sadist, not a mathematician!

This door-knocker makes a strange sound! It goes "Ouch!"

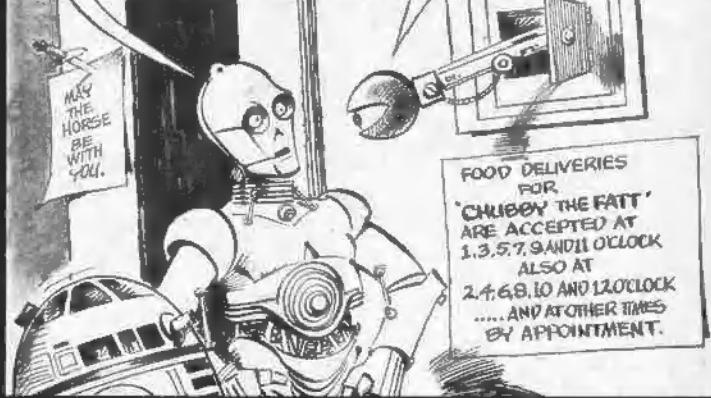
That's 'cause I'm not a door-knocker, Bronze Brain! You're rapping me in the eye!! What do you want??

We've come to see Chubby The Fatt! We have a holograph message for him!

Oh! Er... when will he be finished eating?!!

Around JUNE!

FOOD DELIVERIES FOR
"CHUBBY THE FATT"
ARE ACCEPTED AT
1,3,5,7,9 AND 11 O'CLOCK
ALSO AT
2,4,6,8,10 AND 12 O'CLOCK
....AND AT OTHER TIMES
BY APPOINTMENT.



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

Greetings, Your Royal Fatness! I was going to send you a Telegram, but instead... so you can see me... I'm sending this Hologram!

Well... now that I've seen you, I would've preferred a Candy-gram!

I've come here to bargain for Han Solo's life! But I didn't come here empty-handed! I have a SURPRISE GIFT for you! The TWO DROIDS that brought this message are the gift! The fact that they DON'T KNOW they're the gift is the surprise!

I won't give him up! I like looking at him there... frozen, unfeeling, lifeless... exactly the way he was BEFORE they carbonized him!

I'm here to free you, Ham Yoh! But I've got to admit... you're some remarkable man! Answer me one question! How... if you've been frozen for two and a half years... were you able to make "Raiders Of The Lost Ark" and "Bladerunner" ...?

Oh, wow! Morning breath is bad enough! But after 900 MORNINGS... yecccch!!



Chewbacco?! Is it you? I still can't see, but the smell is unmistakable!!

Arg! Arg! Argg!

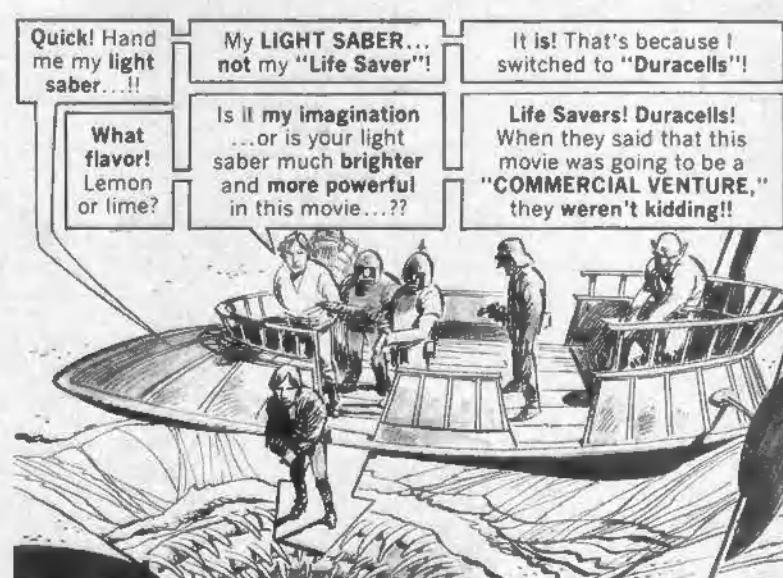
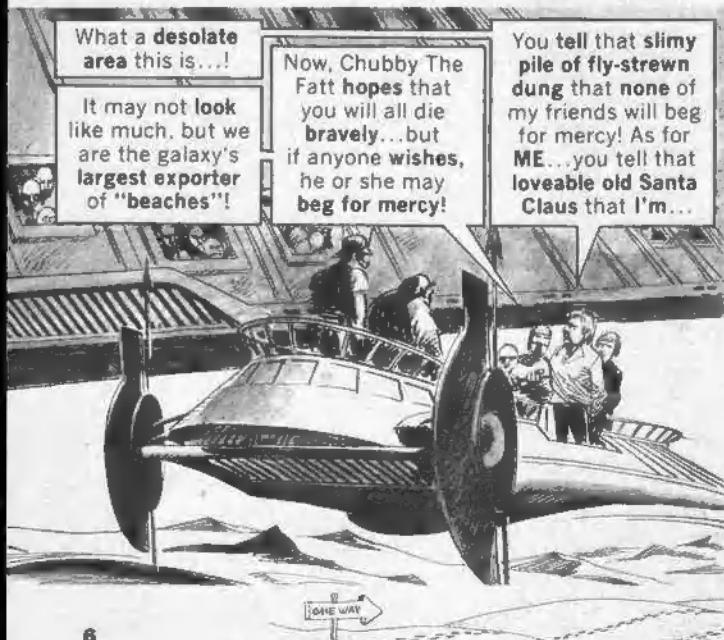
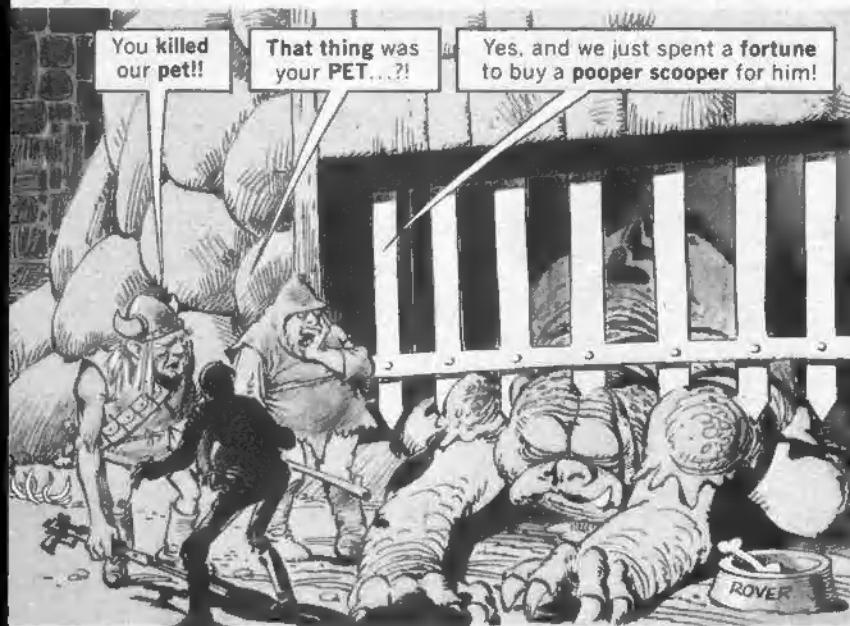
Hey, I'm just as excited to see YOU, Chewbacco...but you don't see ME using YOUR leg as a fire hydrant!!

I've come here in person to take Capt. Yoyo and my other friends away! What do you say to that...?!

The trap door under your feet will open...and you will die!

Gee! And I thought all fat people were supposed to be jolly!!

Fighting this ugly monster is BAD ENOUGH!! But what makes it even worse is: He's not HOUSEBROKEN!!



What a desolate area this is...!

It may not look like much, but we are the galaxy's largest exporter of "beaches"!!

Now, Chubby The Fatt hopes that you will all die bravely...but if anyone wishes, he or she may beg for mercy!

You tell that slimy pile of fly-strewn dung that none of my friends will beg for mercy! As for ME...you tell that loveable old Santa Claus that I'm...

Quick! Hand me my light saber....!!

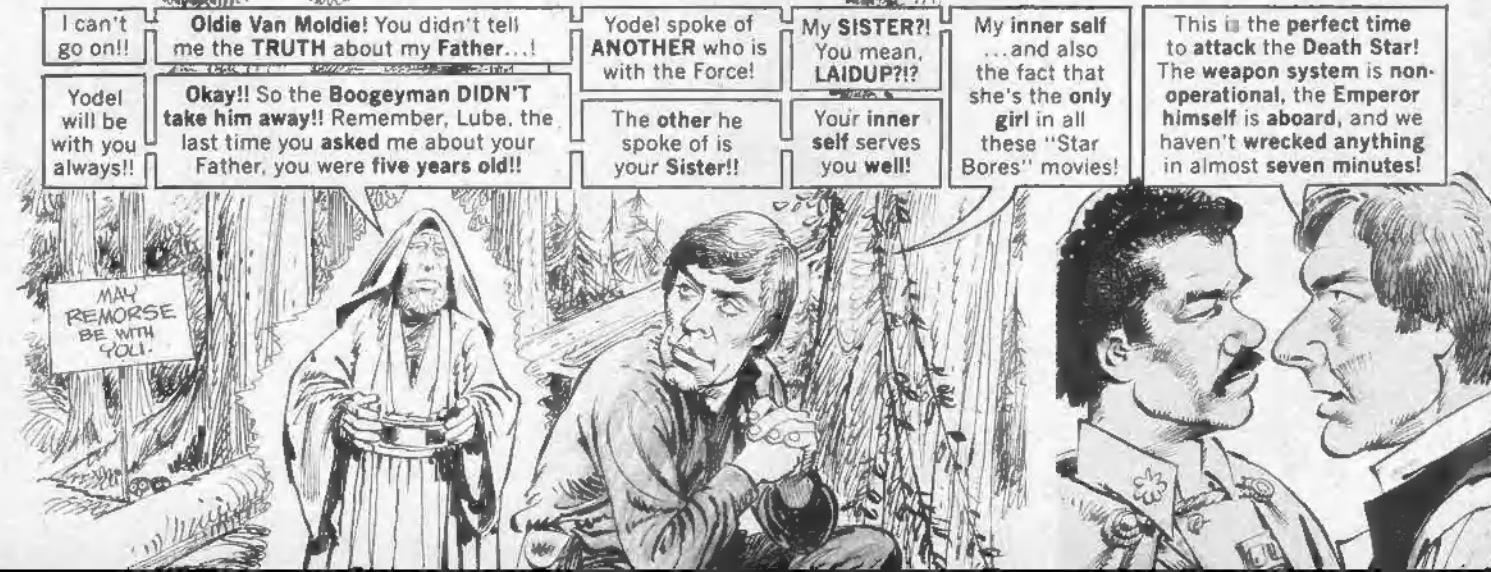
**What flavor!
Lemon or lime?**

**My LIGHT SABER...
not my "Life Saver"!!**

**Is it my imagination
...or is your light
saber much brighter
and more powerful
in this movie...??**

It is! That's because I switched to "Duracells"!!

**Life Savers! Duracells!
When they said that this movie was going to be a
"COMMERCIAL VENTURE," they weren't kidding!!**



Now, what we'll use
is the same top secret
"Attack Plan" we
used in the other
"Star Bores" movies!
Okay, audience...
all together now!!

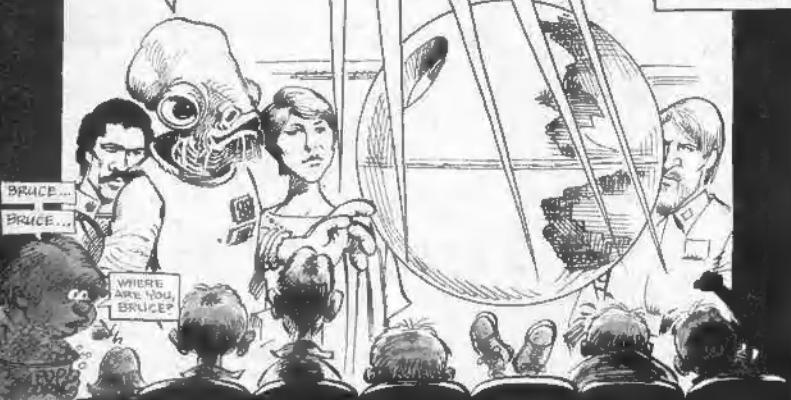
THE CRUISERS WILL
CREATE A DIVERSION,
WHILE THE FIGHTERS
FLY DIRECTLY INTO
THE POWER CENTER
AND KNOCK OUT THE
MAIN REACTOR!!

We've stolen this small
imperial shuttle, and
disguised it as a Taxi
Cab! When they see our
Off Duty sign, they'll
let us land and we can
deactivate the Death
Star shield generator!

What
is
your
cargo
and
your
mission?

Our cargo is empty
buckets! Our mis-
sion is to collect
sap from the forest
moon trees for the
new Inter-Galactic
House of Pancakes!

You are
cleared!
On your
way back,
bring us
a stack
of Buck-
wheats!



Wow! Look at
this Trooper's
Rider! Boy, it
must go fast!!

Oh-oh! They've spotted
us! We'd better take a
DEMONSTRATION RIDE!

How fast can
it go!? It
doesn't have
any WHEELS!!

One thing's sure!
At least we won't
have to worry
about getting
a flat tire!!

Let's make
some fast
maneuvers,
and force
them to
crash into
the trees!

That
should
STUMP
them,
but
good!

This
BARK is
worse
than its
BITE!

I've heard of
going back to
my ROOTS, but
this is really
ridiculous!!

Oh-oh!
I think
I turned
over a
new leaf!

Looks
like
the
OAK's
on
them!!

That's the
first time
in my life
I've seen
sap going
INTO a
tree!!



What
cute
little
people!
Who
are
you??

We're the "Earwaks"! We've come
to save YOU— and all the DOLL
MANUFACTURERS who've been stuck
with Yodel and Dart Zader toys!
We're the "new generation" of
"Star Bores" merchandising!!

Here...! Would
you like some-
thing to eat?!?
They're "Reese's
Pieces"...the
candy of outer
space creatures!

They're
going
to
have
us for
dinner!!

I think you're
missing the point!
But you'll get it
when they put you
on a spit before
they cook you!!

Ungawah!!
Somebody
steal old
"Tarzan" set
for this
scene!!



I'm using my Jedi powers to float Creepio over the crowd...! They'll think he's a GOD...and let us go!!

Of course, if I REALLY knew how to use my powers fully, we would never have been in this jam in the first place!

I'm glad you're safe, Laidup! I've got news for you! I just discovered that Dart Zader is my Father, and you're my twin Sister, and Creepio is my twin Brother, and Chewbacco is my Dog, and Barstool is my old Hoover Vacuum Cleaner, and—

Gee, is this "Star Bores" ... or "All my Children"??!

Now I must ■ and confront Dart Zader! He may seem all bad, but I firmly believe that in every bad, there's some good! And in every darkness, there's some light! And in every evil act, there's some regret—

...and in every long speech, there's some boredom! So GO!!



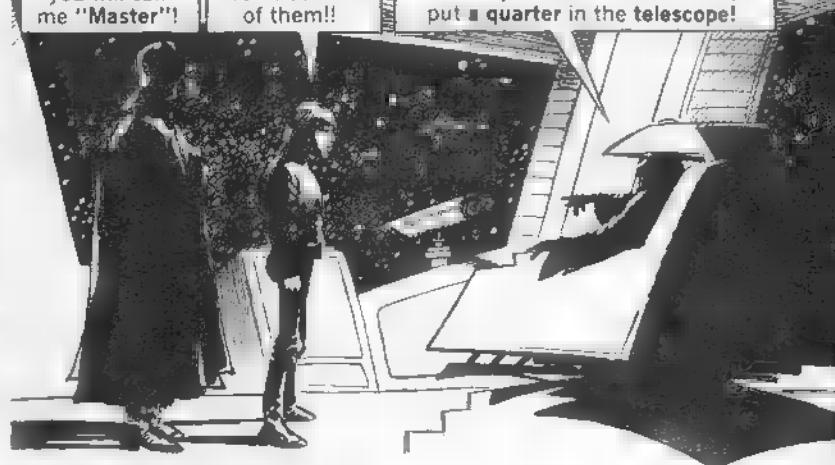
Hi, Dad!! Yes, I KNOW you're my Father! I've come to bring you back to the good side! I refuse to abandon you to the dark side —because I love you! And if it means losing my life, so be it!

That's some talk— coming from ■ Son who never phoned or dropped me a line ■ over ten light years!!

Welcome, Lube Skystalker! I've been expecting you! In time you will call me "Master"!

I'll probably call you ■ lot of things, but "Master" won't be one of them!!

If you think your friends will save you, you are mistaken! The battle is under way, and they're being soundly defeated! Look out that port and see for yourself! And if you want a closer view, put a quarter in the telescope!



Good! Good! The hate is swelling in you! Give in to your anger, Lube! Soon, you will do my bidding! Soon, you will be my servant...!!

No! NO! I will NEVER be your servant!

However ...how about I make you some lunch??

...Or perhaps you'd like me to dust the furniture... or wax the floors... or brush your robe... or shine your shoes?

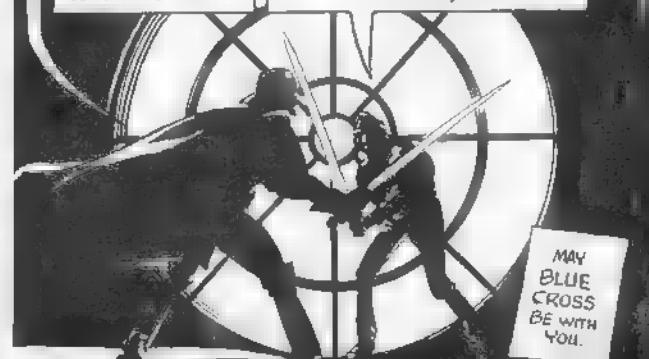


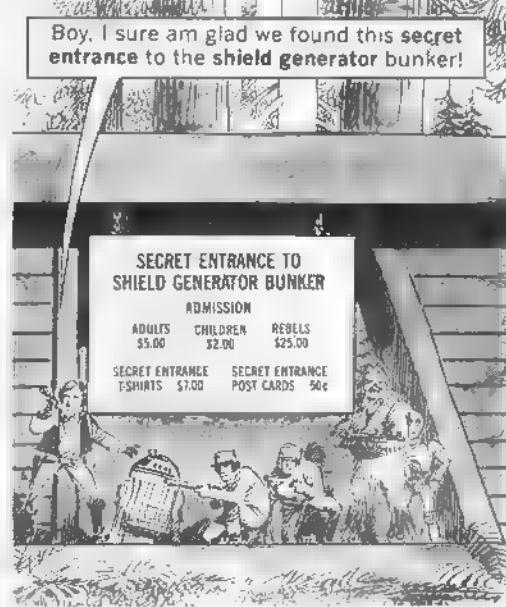
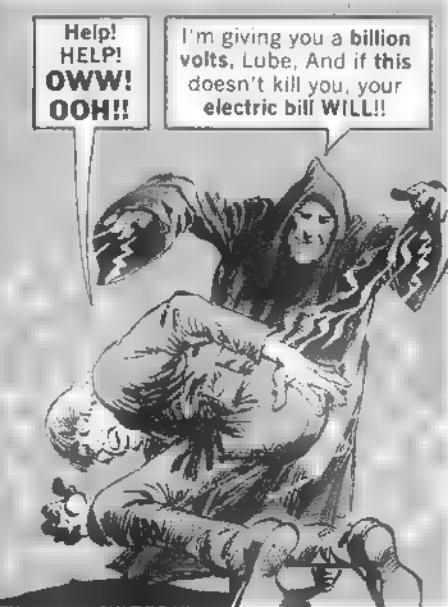
Come, Lube... fight for your life....!!

You didn't kill me the last time we battled! Why would you want to kill me NOW?!

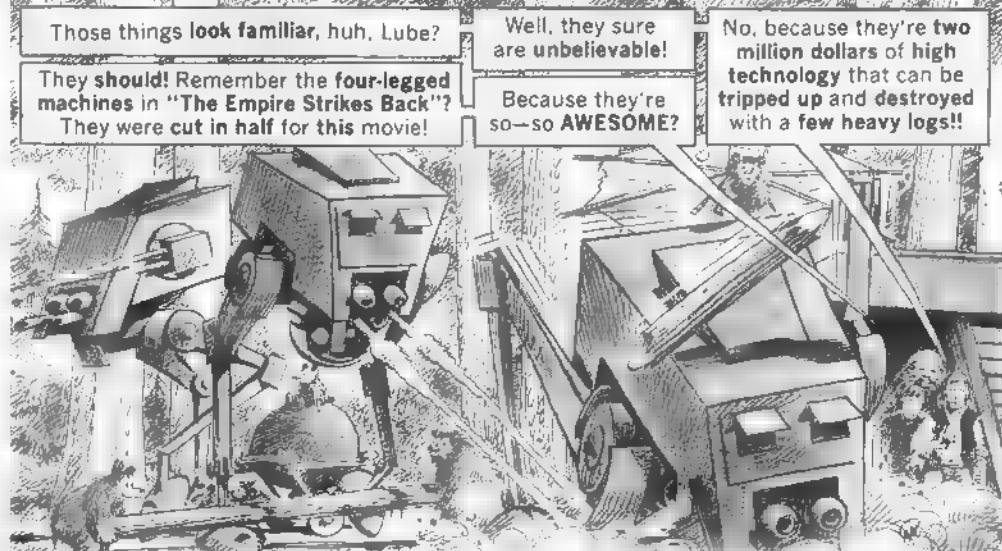
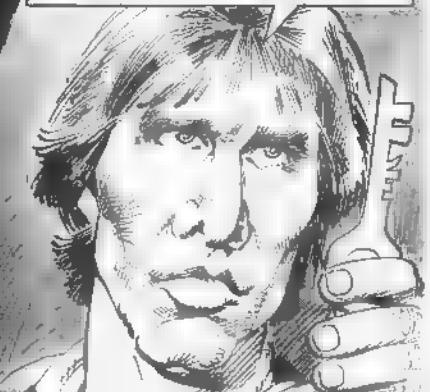
Because last time, the good side of my evil side was the stronger side! But this time, the evil side of my good side is the much stronger side!

And now, it's really hard to tell WHICH side you're on!!





Barstool was decoding the combination to this special lock when he was injured by enemy fire! He got a couple of his attachments blown off! But lucky for us, they left a spare key under the doormat!



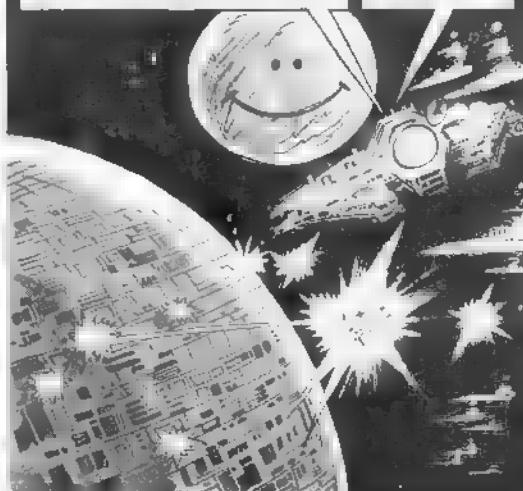


Hah! The Emperor thinks that this little band of rebels attempting to destroy his Death Star is nothing more than a "Mickey Mouse Operation"! Well, he's **WRONG**, isn't he, gang?



Holy Cosmos! The Death Star is **FULLY OPERATIONAL**! How could they have gotten it ready on such short notice?!

Obviously, they used **NON-UNION** labor!



Thanks for helping me take my mask off, Lube!

No problem! I'm just —ulp—glad I got all my looks from MOM's side of the family!

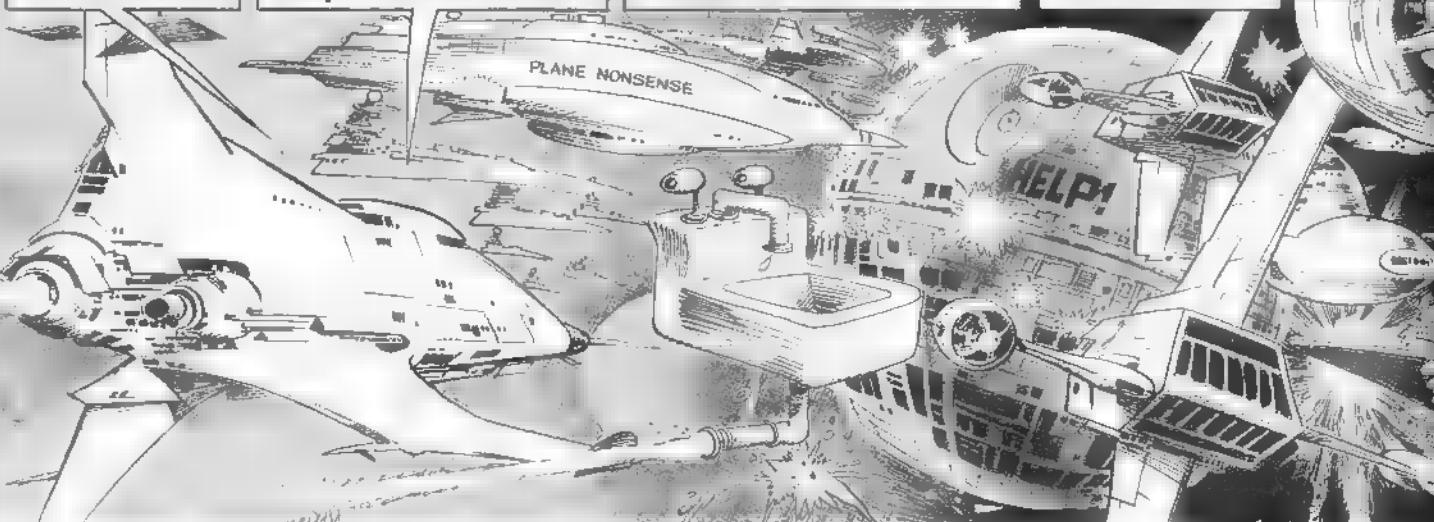


Wow! This battle's got everything but the kitchen sink!

Don't look now, Buddy... but you spoke too soon! Only don't worry! The sink's on our side!

It's just one more special effect...designed to send the Emperor's evil Death Star down the drain...

...along with all the cutesy dialogue in this movie...!!



There goes the Death Star! But where's Lube?

Don't worry! I'm sure he's safe! And when he comes back, I won't stand between you two!

Yoyo, you yo-yo! I love Lube as a Brother, because he IS my Brother!

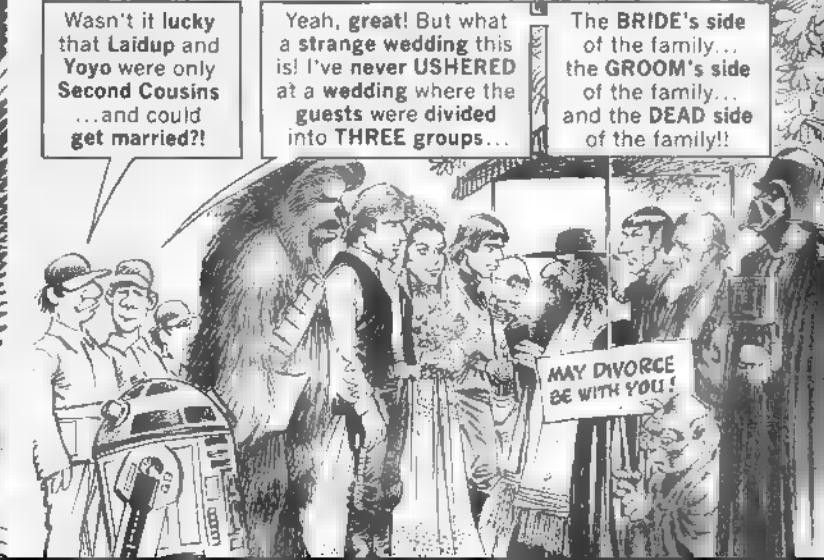
Then, you and I can get married?

I'm not sure! I think you're my Uncle!!

Wasn't it lucky that Laidup and Yoyo were only Second Cousins...and could get married?!

Yeah, great! But what a strange wedding this is! I've never USHERED at a wedding where the guests were divided into THREE groups...

The BRIDE's side of the family... the GROOM's side of the family... and the DEAD side of the family!!



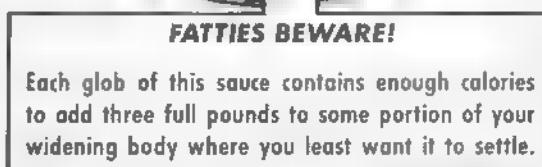
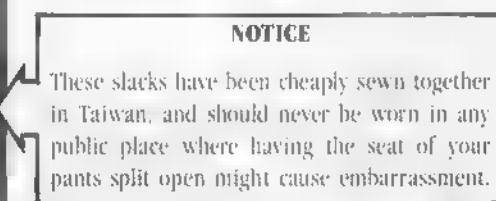
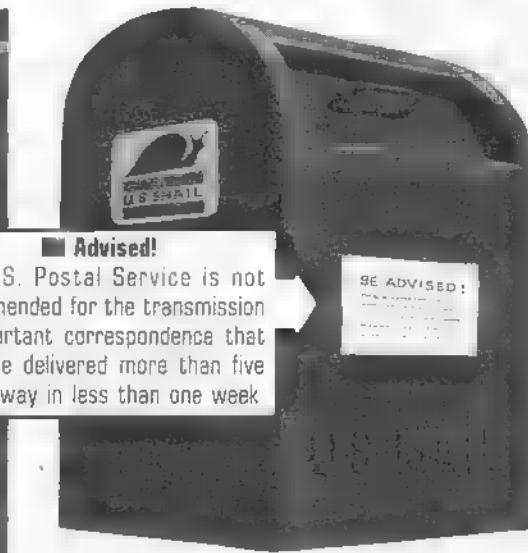
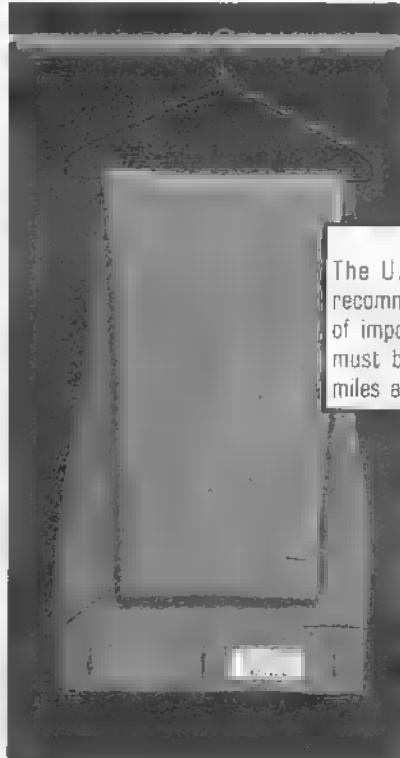
WHOOPEE! CAUTION DEPT.

Recently, the government began requiring warning labels on certain products considered to be dangerous to our health, our wallets or our sensibilities. The first to appear were

those chilling notices on cigarette packs telling us that smoking can kill us. Since then, these labels have ranged from meaningless ("Warning! This medication contains bio-

WARNING LABELS W

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE



sulfuric enzymes.") to ridiculous ("Note: The EPA mileage rating for this car is not what you can expect from normal driving.") Despite this flood of questionable labels, MAD

feels there are still many unregulated items that consumers should be cautioned about. Frankly, we won't consider ourselves protected until they pass laws requiring these

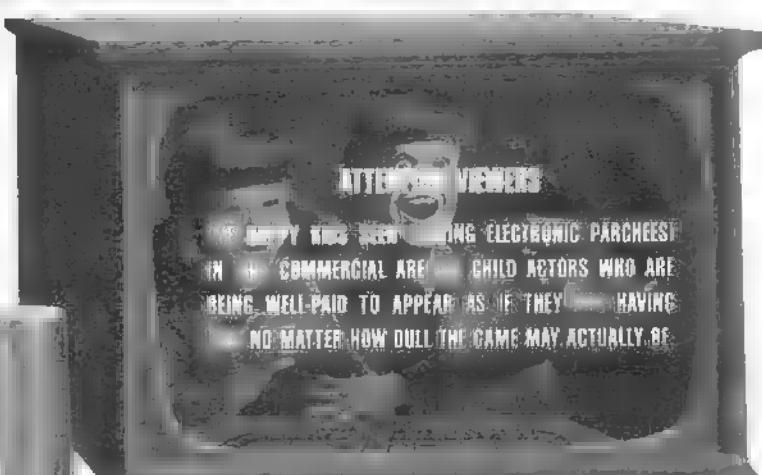
E DESPERATELY NEED

WRITER: TOM KOCH



WARNING!

This package of Frozen Broccoli, when cooked, will not only taste awful but will also stink up your whole house much worse than expected.



TAKE CARE!

You need a Master's Degree in Computer Engineering to fully understand all the buttons on this alarm clock to get it to function properly so you won't oversleep and lose your job and end up on welfare.

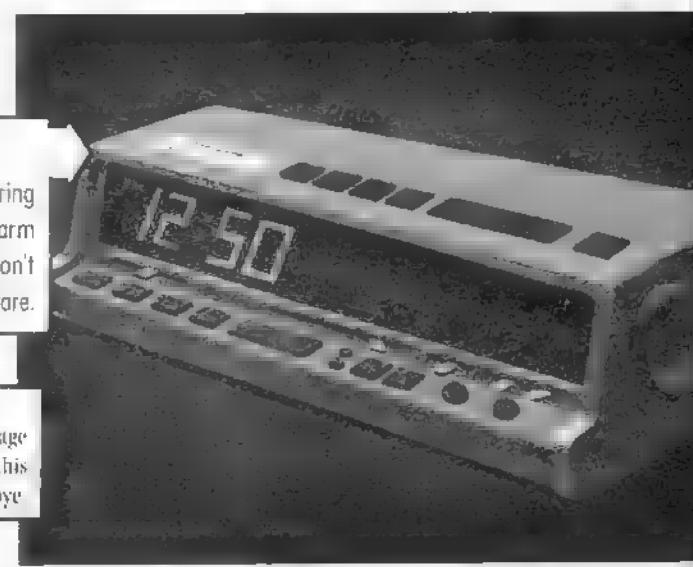
FINAL WARNING!

Excessive boozing has been found to cause brain damage and liver rot. Therefore, if you plan to consume this product, the Surgeon General says to tell you goodbye.



TAKE HEED!

This book contains much tamer sexy parts than the cover illustration would lead you to believe, and it certainly isn't lewd enough for the dedicated porno fancier who wants something really raunchy.



DOUBTS ALL, FOLKS! DEPT.

Ben Franklin once said, "There are two things in life that are certain: death and taxes!" Which may be true...but it got us to thinking about how many UN-

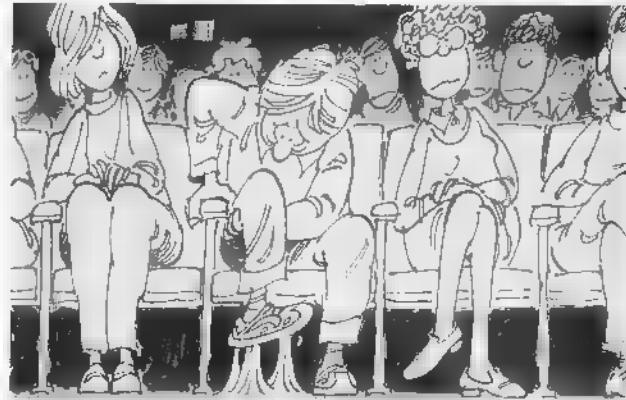
A MAD GUIDE TO SOME OF LIFE'S ANNO

YOU'RE NEVER RE

ARTIST: PAUL COKER



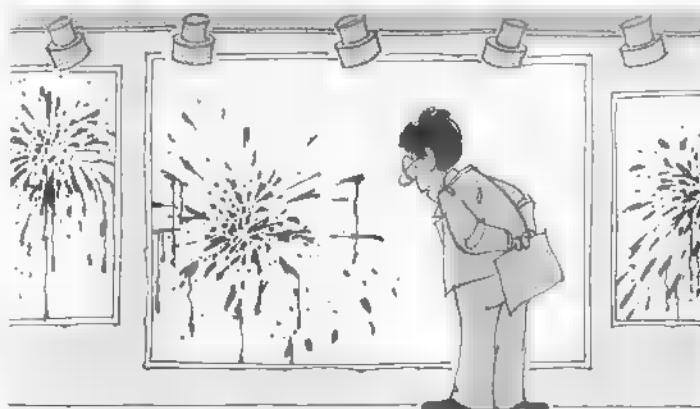
...that those anti-shoplifting sensors aren't slowly doing something horrible to your insides every time you walk through them!



...what exactly is on a movie theater's floor that's making your feet stick to it?



...if it was absolutely necessary for you to go through six agonizing weeks of root canal work!



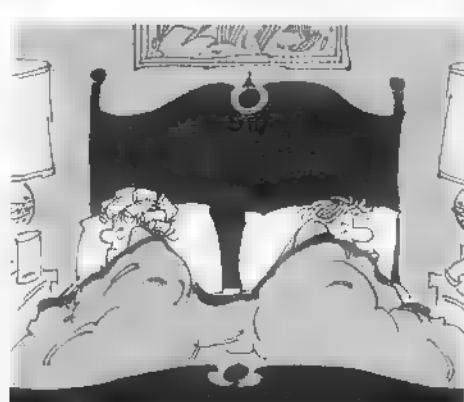
...if abstract art is a big intellectual put-on, or if you're just stupid, and missing the point!



...if your TV Guide has the correct guests listed for the "Tonight Show"!



...if your Union is killing you or saying you when it calls a strike!



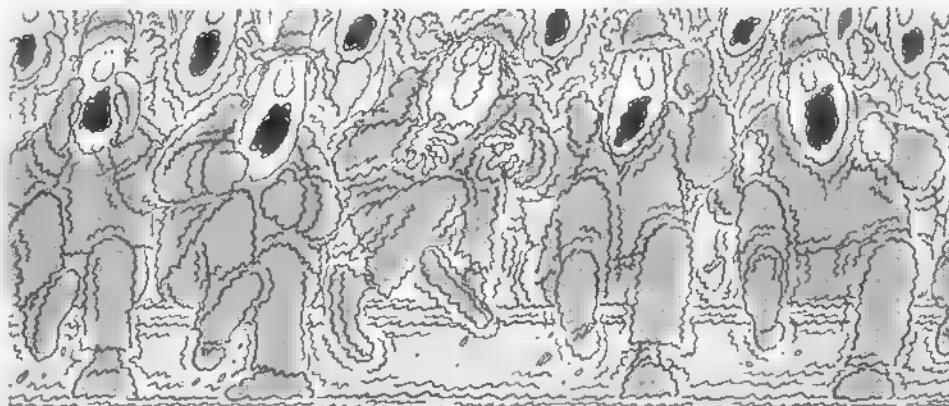
...if the person you're married to hasn't cheated on you at least once!

certain things there are in life... things that we're never 100% sure about! And boy, are there plenty! Here is just a sampling...as we now bring you...

YING LITTLE UNCERTAINTIES...OR...

ALLLY 100% SURE...

WRITER: JOHN FICARRA



...if engineers took into account that 70,000 crazed fans might be stomping their feet simultaneously when they designed the football stadium you're in!



...who the New York Yankees manager is at any given moment!



...what every morsel on your Chinese dinner plate is exactly!



...if the person you meet in a bar means it when he or she says, "I'll call you"!!



...if you dialed the right number when you call...and get no answer!



...if the electronic marvel you're buying today isn't going to be technically obsolete tomorrow!



...if that big, barking, ferocious-looking dog "just wants to play" like its owner says it does!

YOU'RE NEVER REALLY 100% SURE...



...if the batteries in your flashlight will still be good when the time comes that you suddenly need it!



...that there isn't one small piece of Skylab still falling to Earth...with your name on it!



...what exactly is in that greenish Tupperware on the bottom back shelf of your refrigerator?



...whether it's your TV set or the TV Station's fault during those first seconds when your screen goes blank!



...if the salesman would have shaved another \$100 off the price of your car if only you'd held out just a bit longer!



...if a gas station pump is calibrated accurately...or it's a few pennies over a gallon!



...if an elevator is supposed to creak like it just did...or if the cable is about to snap!



...if it's actually impossible for the guy's toilet flush upstairs to somehow manage to come out your kitchen faucet!

TWO BIT OPERATOR DEPT.

Hi! I'm Clint Westwood, and I make a million bucks a picture! I used to think that was **easy money** until I discovered someone who **really** makes a fistful of dollars! So let's step into the *Milky Way Arcade* and meet Philo Starbuck...

MAD'S VIDEO GAME ARCADE OWNER OF THE YEAR

Mr. Starbuck, it's been said that you are a money-hungry operator who's getting rich at the expense of kids!

That may be true, Clint, but at least my Arcade keeps the kids off the streets, away from crime and violence!

I just saw two teenage punks shaking down a little kid for his last quarter!

I'll have them thrown out! I don't allow such behavior here!

They're using the money they took to play *Tempest*!

On the other hand, boys will be boys!



ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

Tell me, what's your most popular game?

Pac-Man!!
That must make the manufacturer very happy!

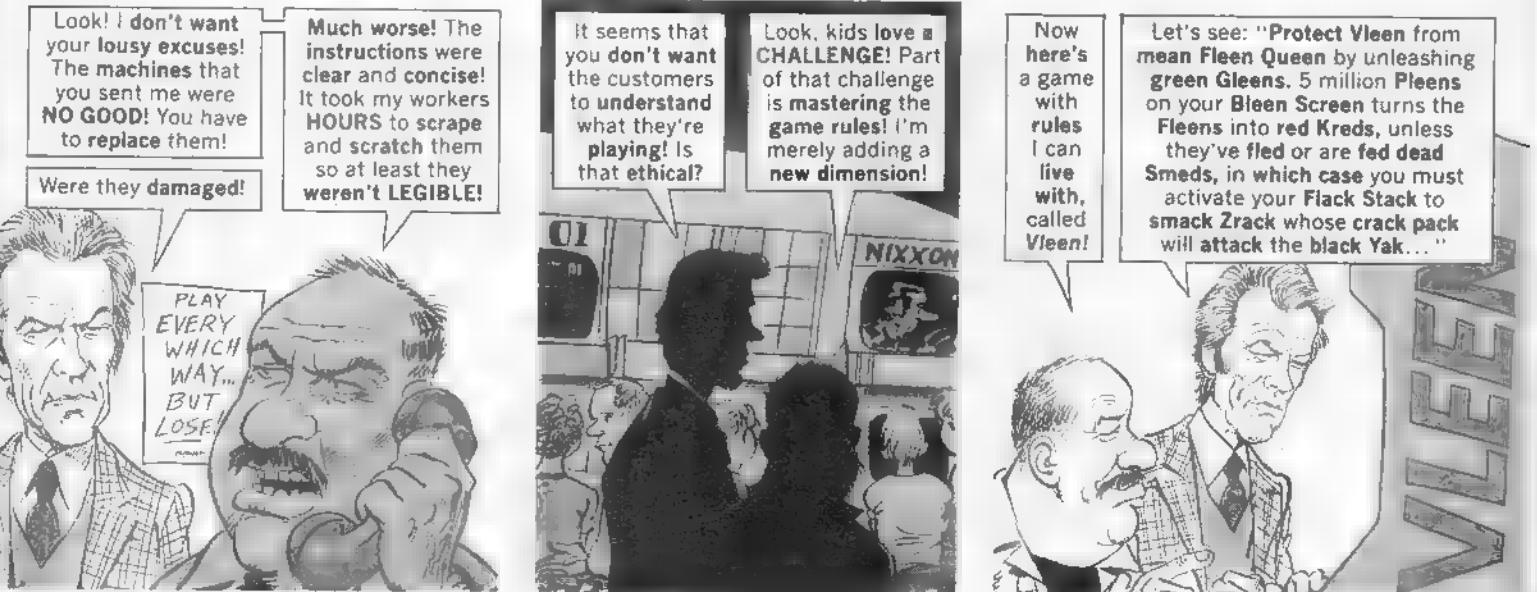
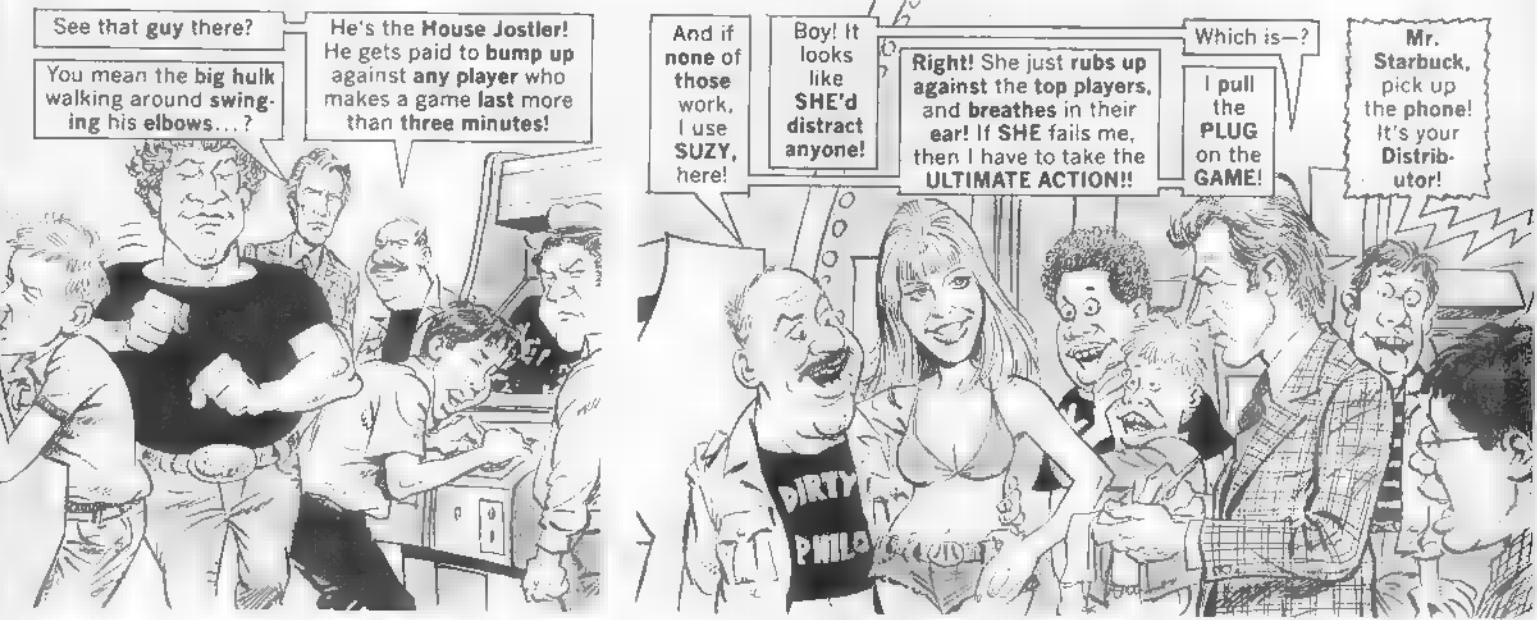
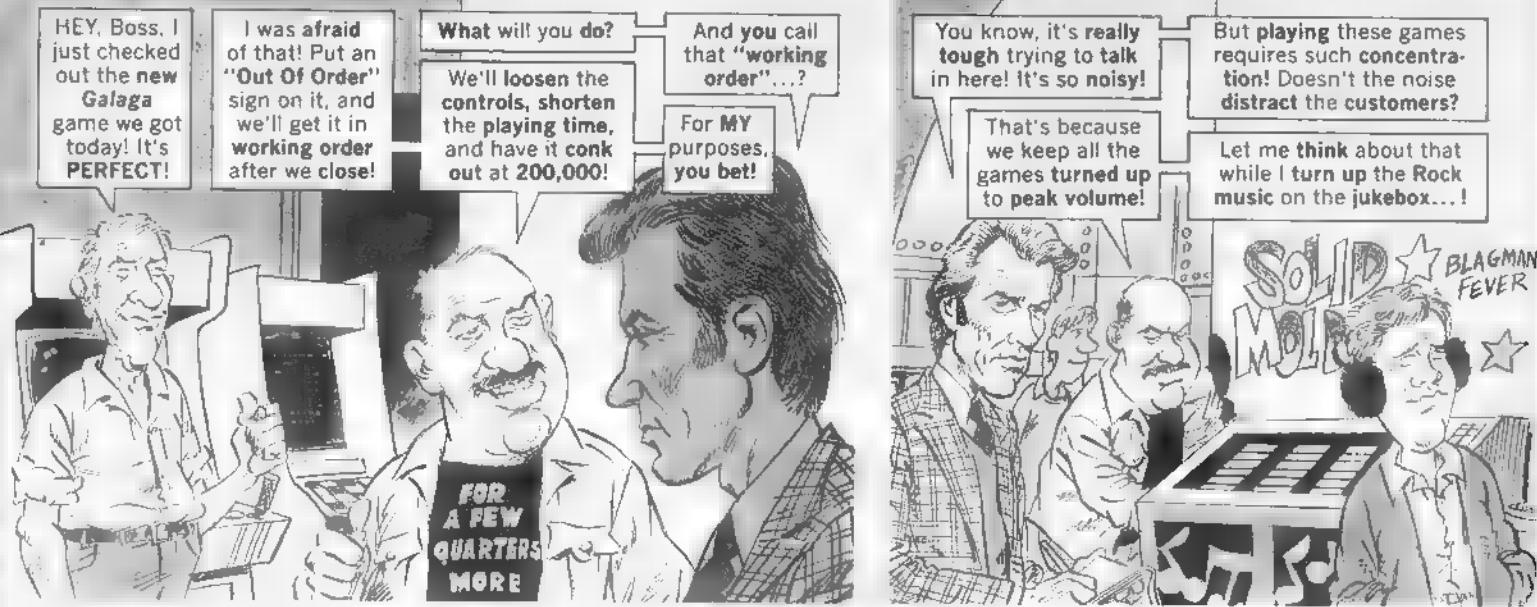
It would, except that I buy pirated machines ... at half the cost!
But what if the manufacturer finds out???

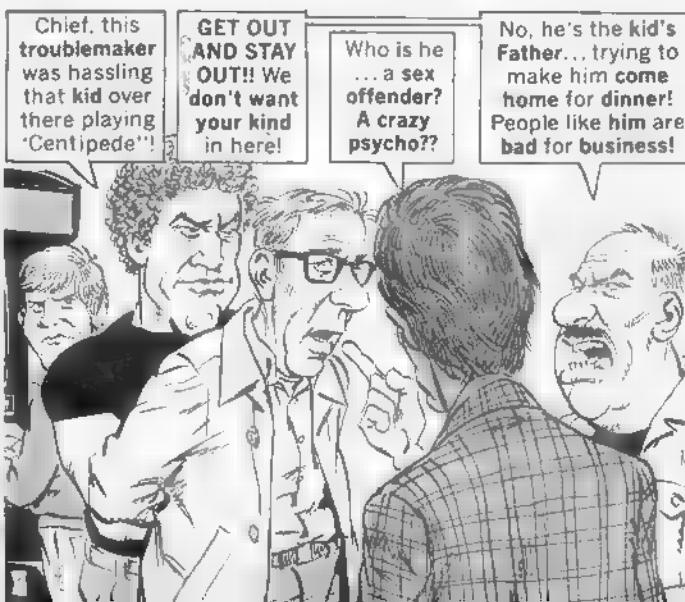
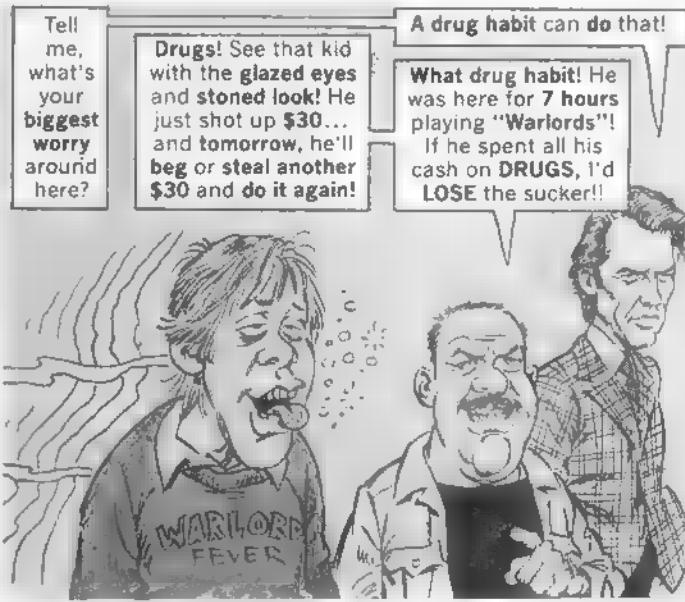
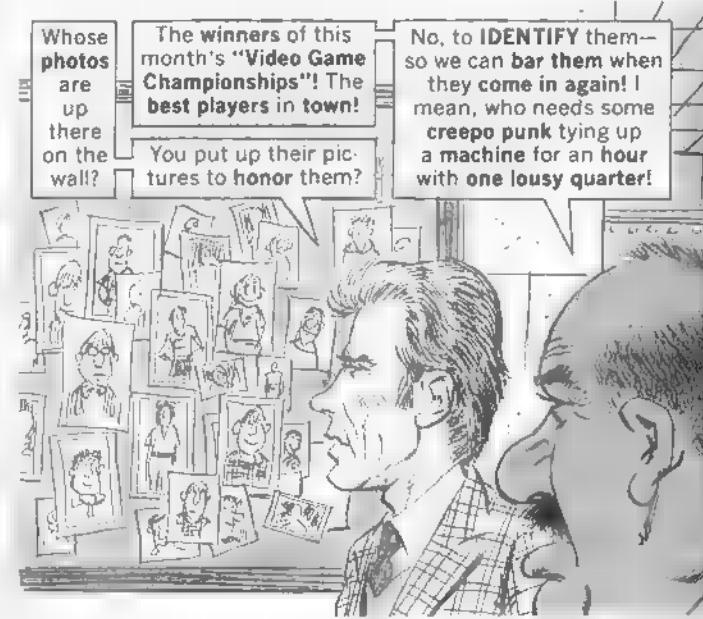
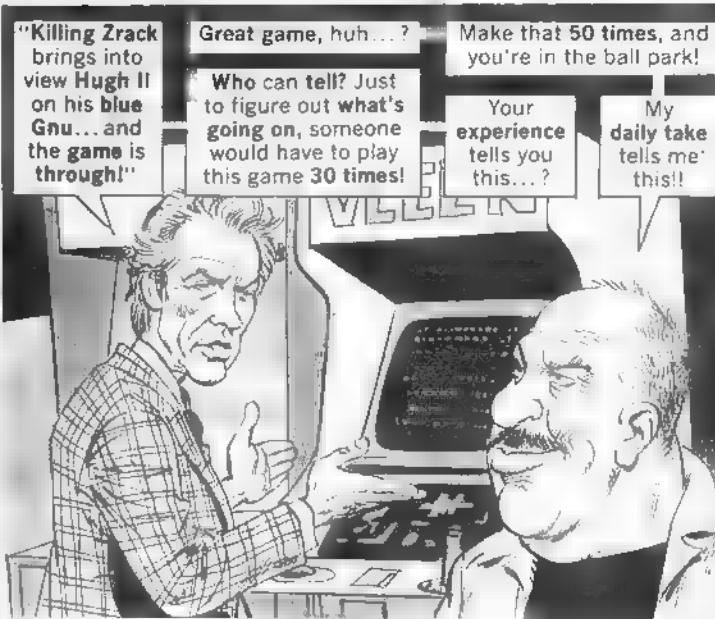
Then I'll dump Pac-Man and bring in Pic-Man, or Poc-Man, or Pyc-Man or Puke Man!

But those are illegal imitations! You'd be guilty of fraud! What would you say if you were hauled into Court?

That I never WAS much good at spelling!







You let **BROADS** in here, and before you know it, there's mingling! And you know what obscene things THAT could lead to?

Uh—
you
mean
like
SEX?

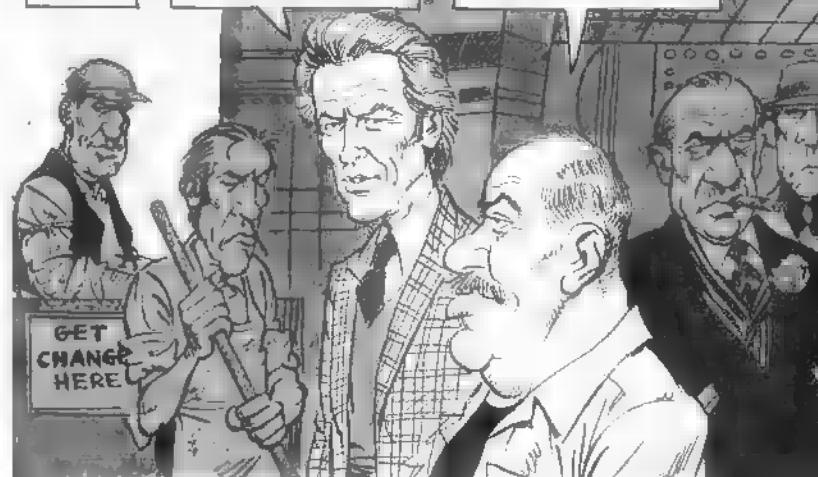
Worse!! Guys would be taking them to movies or ice cream parlors or pizza joints... instead of spending their money HERE!!!

Is this arcade part of a giant conglomerate?

Oh, no, Clint! Why, this is strictly a **FAMILY BUSINESS**!

And does your family work here with you?

Sure! Big Louie is my cashier! Sam the Shiv cleans up! And Don Tortolone HIMSELF comes in after closing to count the day's take!



Are you saying this place is run by the **MAFIA**???

Excuse me a second!

Hey, Angelo! Uncrate those hot Defender machines that just came in from Jersey!

And tell Vito to lean on that kid running up the big score on Frogger!!

Now... you were asking??

Uh... forget it!!

I understand the IRS is cracking down on Video Game Arcade owners who cheat on taxes by falsifying income!

Clint, let me assure you I declare every dollar I take in!!

The way kids shell out those quarters, that could amount to quite a lot!!

I didn't say anything about declaring every **QUARTER** I take in!!



Tell me, how long has your Video Arcade been operating?

We opened our doors on the morning of May 7, 1980!

And when did you start showing a **PROFIT**??

Right after **LUNCH**!!

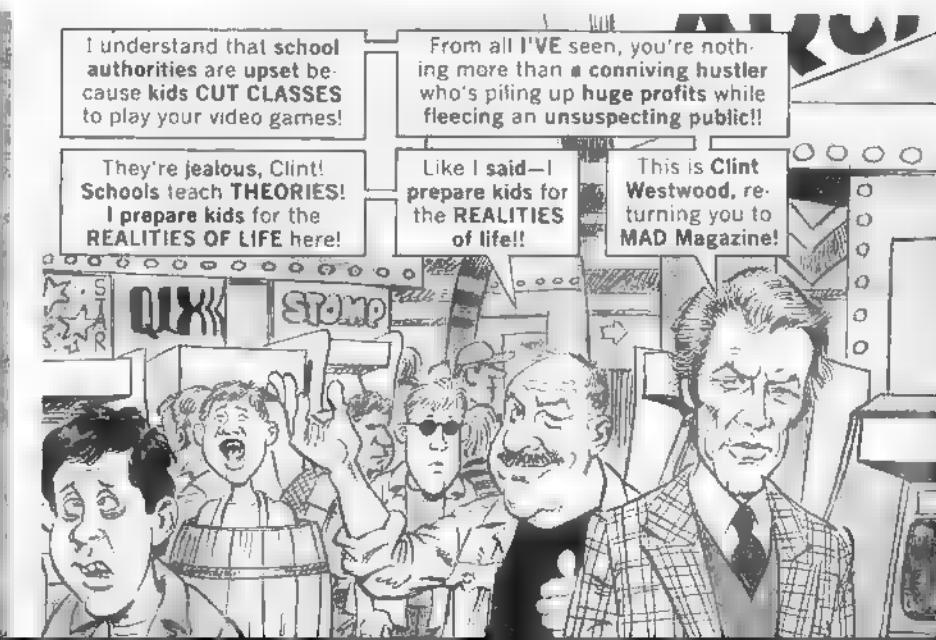
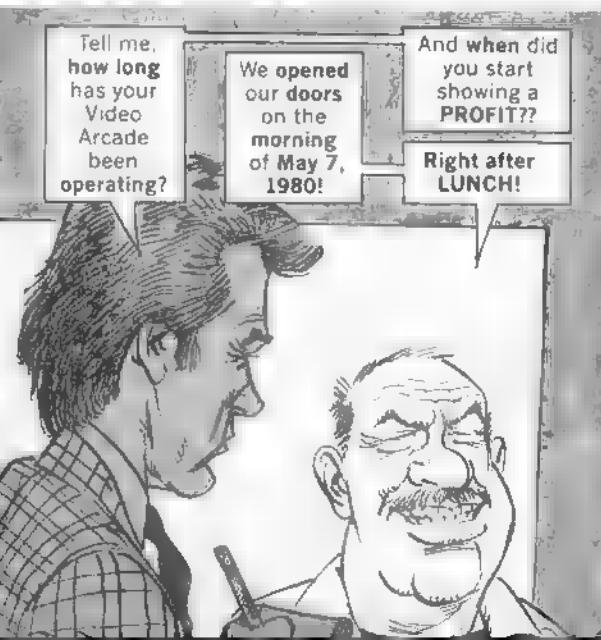
I understand that school authorities are upset because kids **CUT CLASSES** to play your video games!

From all I'VE seen, you're nothing more than a conniving hustler who's piling up huge profits while fleecing an unsuspecting public!!

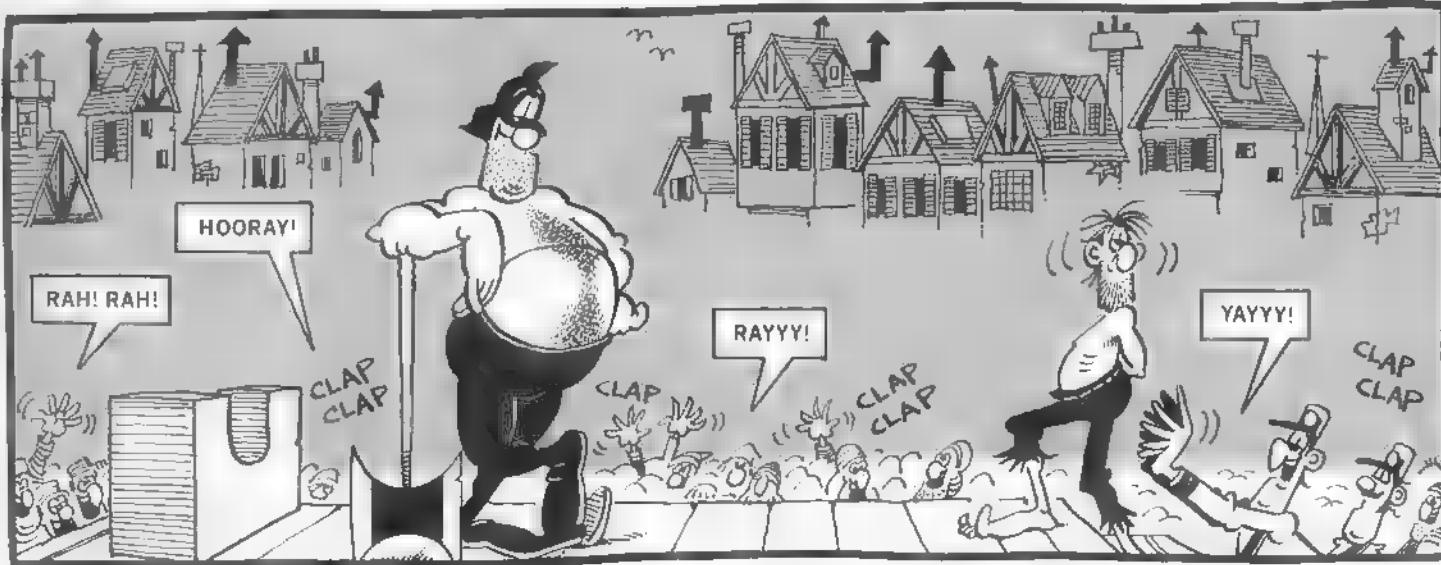
They're jealous, Clint! Schools teach **THEORIES**! I prepare kids for the **REALITIES OF LIFE** here!

Like I said—I prepare kids for the **REALITIES** of life!!

This is Clint Westwood, returning you to **MAD Magazine**!



ONE FINE MEDIEVAL MORNING AT HOME



TRYING TO SLIP BIAS DEPT.

This article is directed at the few people left who actually read newspapers! Be on your guard! It's a well-known fact that newspapers tend to slant the news toward their own editorial leanings. If you don't believe us, just take a look at these past headline stories which provide...

A SHORT HISTORY SHOWING HOW DIFFERENT PUBLICATIONS SLANT THE NEWS

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: PAUL LAIKIN

IRISH FREE PRESS

DUBLIN, IRELAND

SUNDAY, JULY 20, 1960

GOD SAVES SENATOR KENNEDY AS CATHOLIC GIRL DROWNS RELIGIOUS PAIR BELIEVED TO BE EN ROUTE TO MIDNIGHT MASS

Ted Prays For Nine Hours Before Leaving Scene



Accident Blamed On Faulty Bridge Built By Italian

ALL THE NEWS
WE SEE FIT
TO PRINT

PRAVDA

RED
STAR
FINAL

MOSCOW, USSR ENGLISH TRANSLATION EDITION FEBRUARY 23, 1980

RUSSIAN HOCKEY TEAM ALLOWS U.S. TEAM TO WIN IN OLYMPIC GAMES

CLEVER PLOY USED TO MAKE THEM FORGET INVASION OF AFGHANISTAN

Sacrifice Necessary To Ease Political Tension With West



"Now They'll Send Us Wheat," Says Premier Brezhnev

SELLING
POWER
TO THE
PEOPLE

CON EDISON NEWSLETTER

LET
THERE
BE
LIGHT

NEW YORK CITY

NOVEMBER 10, 1985

CUSTOMERS CAUSE MASSIVE BLACKOUT BY DELIBERATE ABUSE OF ELECTRIC OUTLETS ENTIRE EASTERN SECTION OF COUNTRY DARKENED ■ MALICIOUS CUSTOMERS 80 Million People In Conspiracy To Ruin Company



Company Plans To Bring Damage Suit Against Populace

CHRYSLER CORPORATION

Stockholder's Bulletin # 86

December 20, 1979

CHRYSLER CORP. MAKES U.S. GOV'T. A PARTNER IN ITS OPERATION

OTHER EXPANSION PLANS INCLUDE
HIRING FRANK SINATRA AS SALESMAN
Company Contemplating Merger With Soviet Union



Rumor Denied That The "Iacocca" Is Chrysler's "Edsel"

NEWS
ABOUT
"THE
CLUB"
**The WASHINGTON, D.C.
CONGRESSIONAL
Recorder**
MARCH 14, 1981

FOR
YOUR
"AYES"
ONLY

FBI AGENTS DRESSED AS ARAB SHEIKS CORRUPT U.S. CONGRESSMEN

HONEST POLITICIANS HOODWINKED
BY DEVIOUS GOVERNMENT AGENCY

Video Tapes Reveal Illegal Bureau Activities



Senator Harrison Williams Demands Full Investigation

SPECIAL
LIBEL
CASE
ISSUE

National ENQUIRER

ALL THE NEWS UNFIT TO PRINT

MARCH 27, 1981

ENQUIRER PAYS \$1,600,000 TO CAROL BURNETT IN HUGE PLANNED PUBLICITY STUNT SALES SOAR DURING TWO-WEEK TRIAL

"A SMALL PRICE TO PAY FOR SUCH NATIONAL EXPOSURE!" SAYS OUR CHIEF ACCOUNTANT



Plans Underway To Smear Johnny Carson Next

CLOTHES



BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

RECORDS



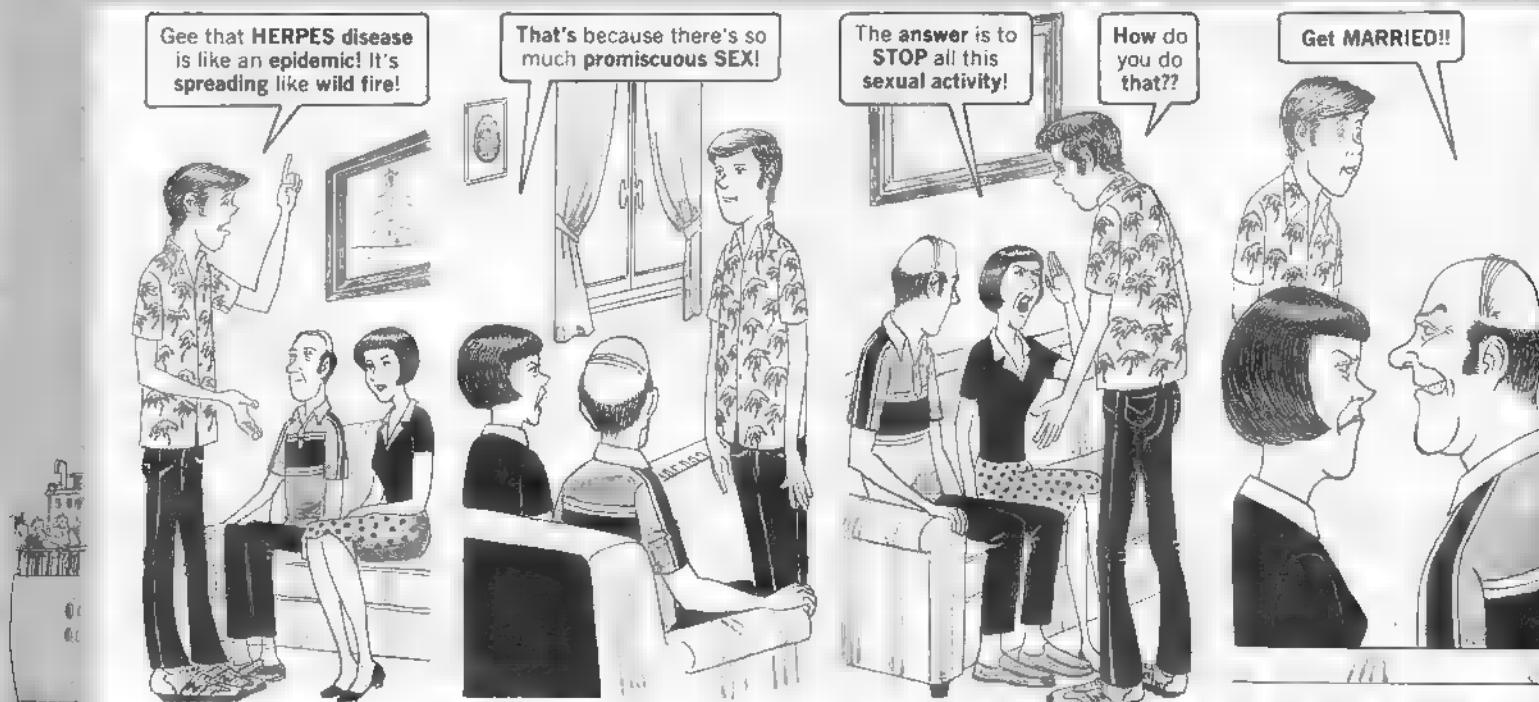
DENTISTS



R SIDE OF...

ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVE BERG

SEX



FOOD



LOVE



SOAP OPERAS



BRAGGING



DATING



ANNOYANCES

Sally's boyfriend would beat the hell out of me!!



Why do you keep scratching yourself?



Because nobody ELSE knows where I ITCH!!

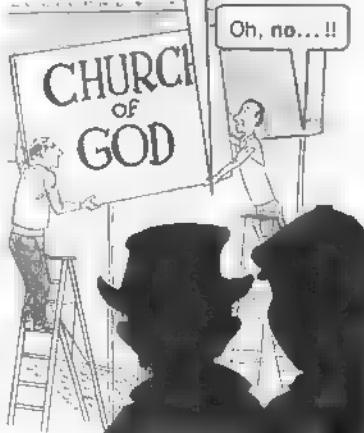


BLOCK-BUSTING

What a street this is! Just look at it! It's got two porno movie theaters, four adult book stores, three head shops, five massage parlors and a thriving red light district!!



Now... suddenly... along comes these "Do-Gooders" who are planning to open ■ Store Front Church...!



There goes the neighborhood!



GREETING CARDS

Gee, I don't know! I could call home and ask my Mom!!



Ronald sent me the sweetest card for my birthday!

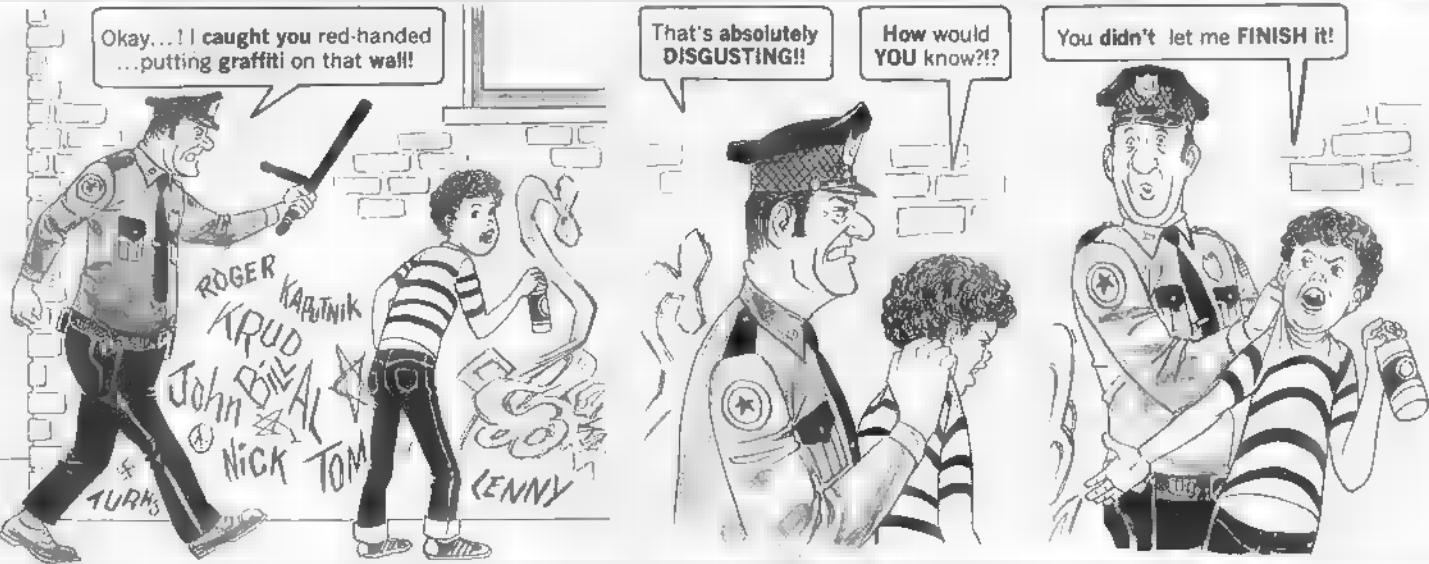
What did it say?



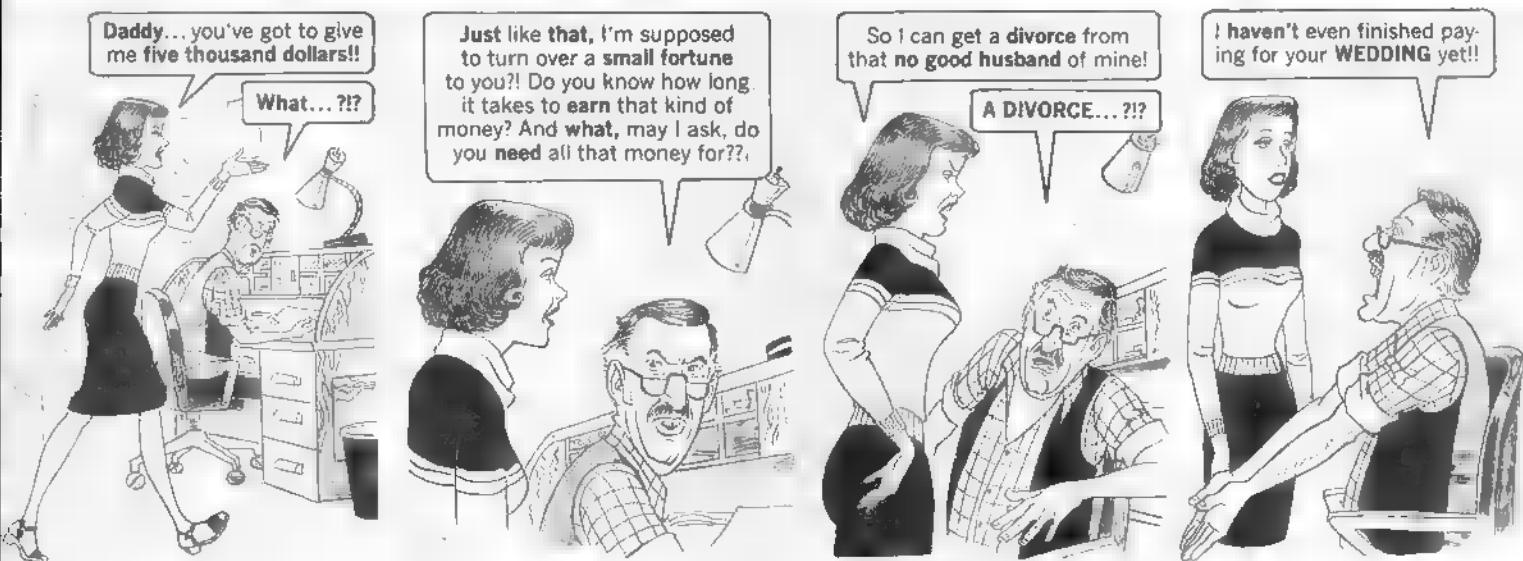
"Hallmark"!



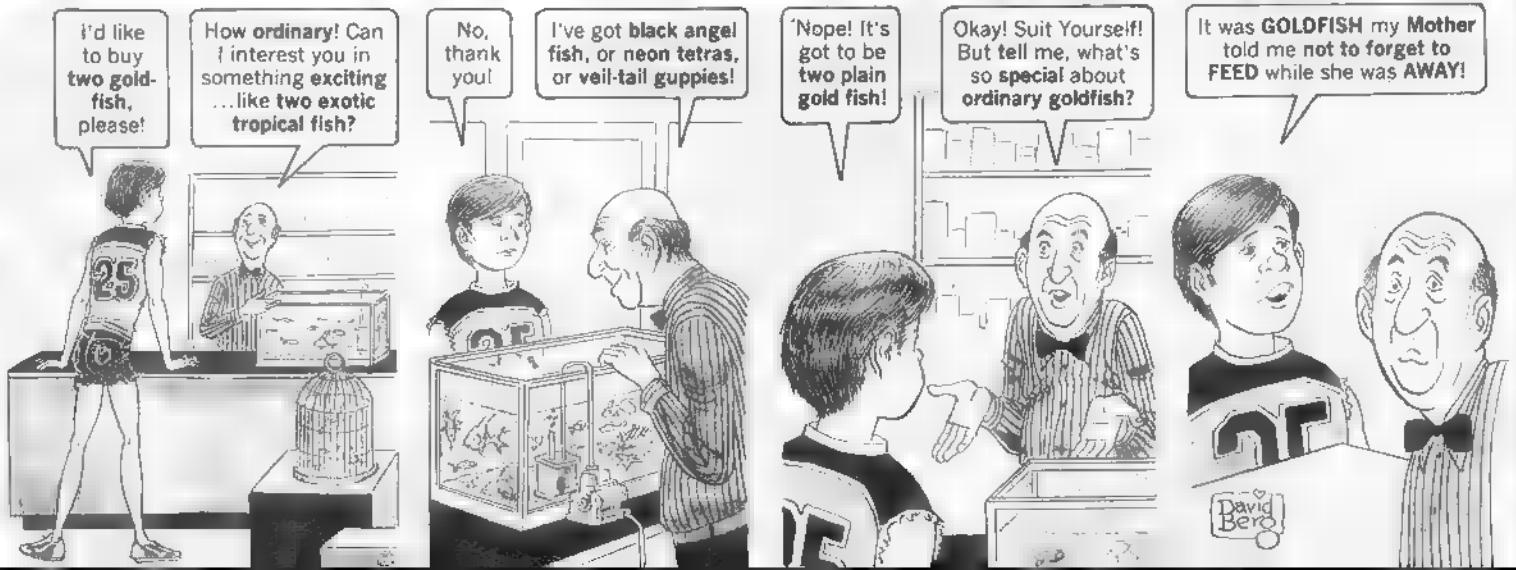
GRAFFITI

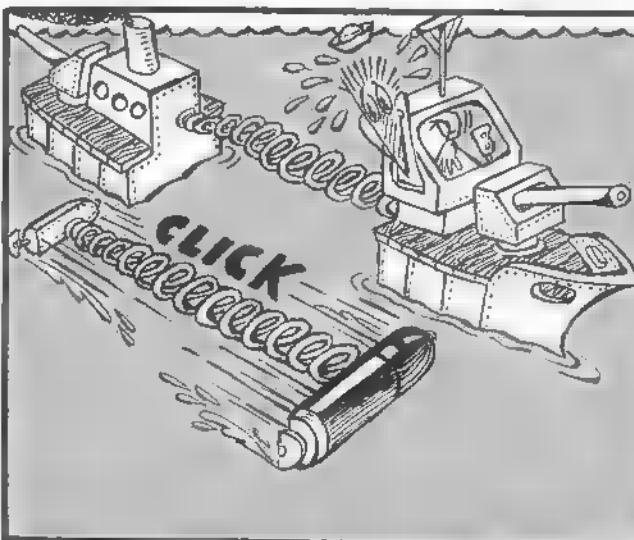
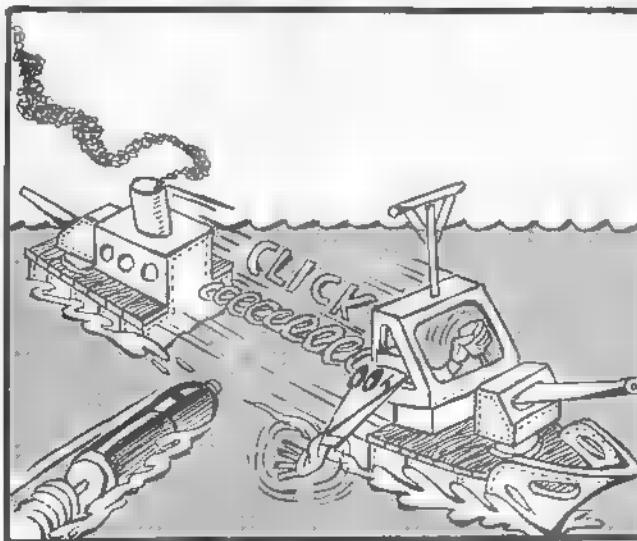
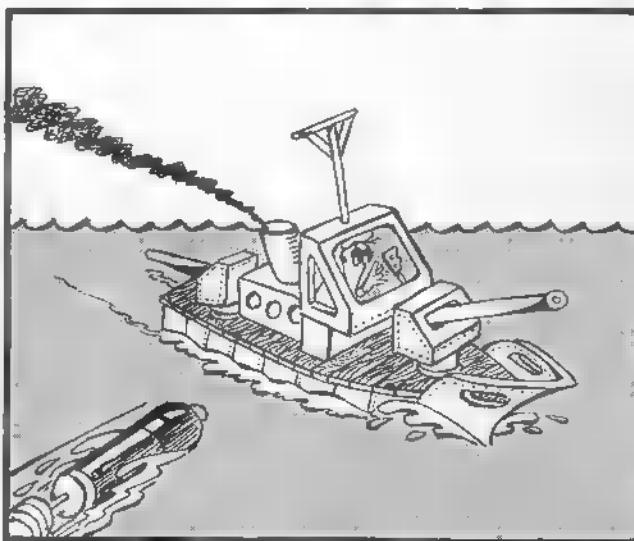
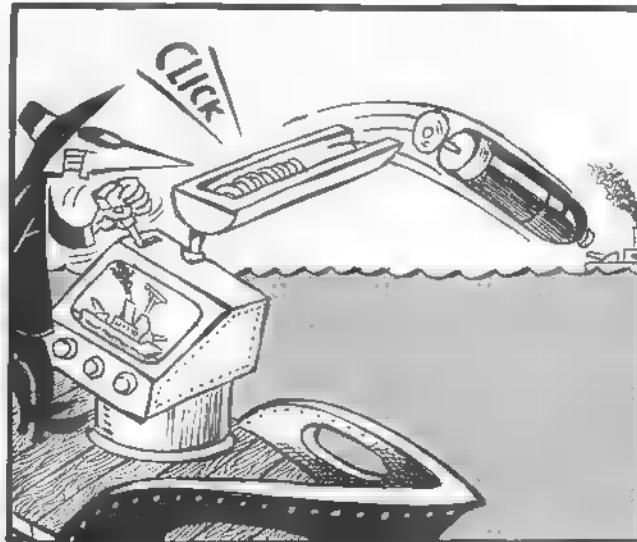


MONEY



PETS





CHARLIE BROWN —————

1

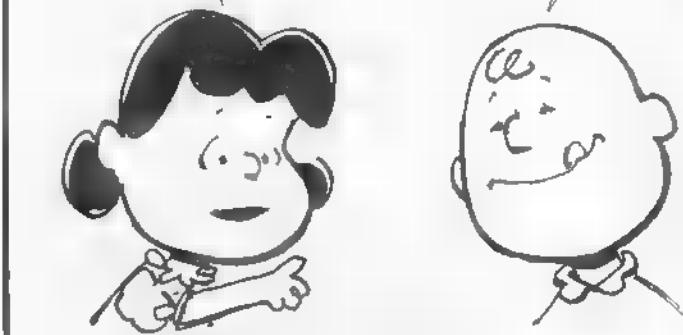
2

BUT THE TRUTH IS —————

3

HMM! —————

4



STRIP TEASE DEPT.

In past issues, MAD has presented All-Inclusive, Do-It Yourself versions of Newspaper Stories, Songs, Comedy Routines, etc. Now, for all you "Peanuts" fans who have fun reading the strip, here is your chance to have fun writing it. (Hey, Charlie Schulz! If you want to take a vacation, feel free to take advantage of this clever article!) Simply fill in the numbered balloons from the corresponding numbered lists, and you'll be creating...

MAD'S ALL-INCLUSIVE DO-IT-YOURSELF PEANUTS COMIC STRIP

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

1

YOU'RE

A BORN LOSER!

YOUR HEAD COULD
DOUBLE AS A SOFTBALL!

EVERYONE
ABUSES YOU!

YOU GIVE
LIVING A BAD NAME!

YOU'VE GOT A PIN-
CUSHION FOR A BRAIN!

YOU'RE THE
JOKE OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD!

5

IN YOUR
HONOR!

TO PAY TRIBUTE TO
YOUR LEADERSHIP!

ON YOUR
BIRTHDAY!

SO THE GANG CAN
SHOW YOU HOW WE FEEL!

TO KICK OFF "CELEBRATE
CHARLIE BROWN WEEK"!

YOU'LL REMEMBER THE
REST OF YOUR LIFE!

SO I'VE PLANNED A **PARTY**

5

GOLLY

6

WELL, ACTUALLY,

7

I THINK

8



2

TELL ME ALL
ABOUT IT!

AT LEAST I'M
FAMOUS FOR SOMETHING!

COMING FROM YOU,
THAT'S PRAISE!

I LOVE IT WHEN
YOU SWEET-TALK!

IT TOOK YOU 25 YEARS
TO FIND THAT OUT?

DO YOU KEEP THIS
UP FOR FOUR PANELS?

6

A-A
PARTY FOR ME!!?

YOU MEAN YOU'RE
NOT SETTING ME UP?

YOU'VE
SURE CHANGED!

, IT'LL BE GREAT
GETTING SOME RESPECT!

I'LL SURE ENJOY
BEING WITH MY FRIENDS!

HOW CAN
I EVER THANK YOU?

3

NOBODY RECOGNIZES
YOUR FINER QUALITIES!

YOU'RE ADMIRED BY
YOUR FRIENDS AND TEAMMATES!

YOU DESERVE
MUCH BETTER TREATMENT!

WITHOUT YOU,
I WOULD BE NOTHING!

YOUR HEART IS
AS BIG AS ALL OUTDOORS!

YOU'RE KIND
AND DECENT AND LOYAL!

7

YOU'RE
NOT INVITED!

IT'S ON THE
DAY YOU'RE OUT OF TOWN!

THE
PARTY WAS YESTERDAY!

YOU'LL BE
THE ONLY ONE THERE!

I WAS TESTING TO
SEE HOW GULLIBLE YOU ARE!

I'M TELLING
EVERYONE IT'S FOR LINUS!

4

I MUST BE
IN THE WRONG STRIP!

WHY ISN'T SHE
SUCCING UP TO SCHROEDER?

I WISH I WERE BRIGHT
ENOUGH TO KNOW WHAT SHE'S UP TO!

NOBODY'S
EVER THIS NICE TO ME!

I'VE GOT A FEELING
THIS IS GOING TO COST ME!

I THINK I LIKED IT
BETTER WHEN SHE DESPISED ME!

8

I'LL
KILL MYSELF!

MAYBE
I SHOULD RETIRE!

I'LL GO HOME
AND BEAT UP SNOOPY!

I NEED
DEEP THERAPY!

I'LL PUT A
CONTRACT OUT ON HER!

I'LL TRY
REPLACING ANDY CAPP!

KNOCK VERSE DEPT.

Back in the old days, Poets wrote poems glorifying lowly people, like Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith" and Kipling's "Gunga-Din." Well, there aren't any Longfellows around today, but there are a lot of folks working in lowly occupations. MAD feels that it's time these people were saluted in rhyme, which is why we now offer these

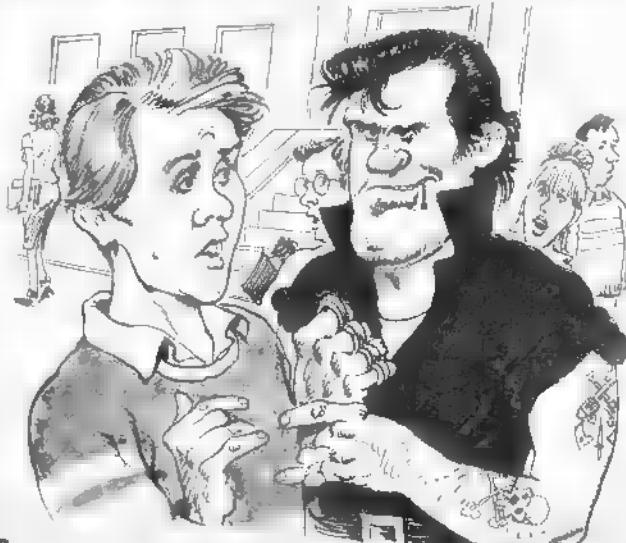
POET TO PEOPLE WHO

To A Mugger

When you were just a lad of six,
You found a kid could get his kicks
By pounding on his little baby brother;
Before you knew it, you were ten
And showed you had a future when
You snatched a purse belonging to your mother.



The years flew by—in high-school, you
Discovered joys you never knew;
At seventeen you flourished as a punk there;
And after class, out on the street,
Your day would never be complete
Until you'd smacked and rolled some local drunk there.



'Twas then you found you had it made
As through the night you plied your trade,
Attacking passersby who were defenseless;
What fun it was to take their cash.
To punch and club, to kick and slash,
Then leave them on the pavement lying senseless.



Today, not even middle age
Can dim the glory of your rage;
You haven't met the man who can control you;
Although for now you take it slow,
You'll mug again because you know
In 1995 they will parole you.



ARTIST: HARRY NORTH WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

IC TRIBUTES

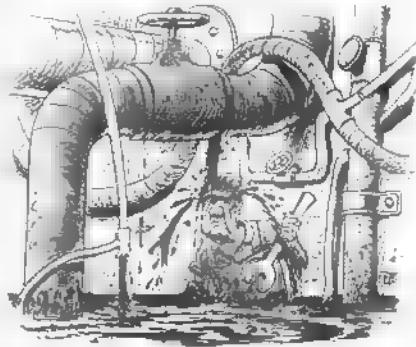
WOULDN'T ORDINARILY GET THEM

To A Plumber

Your face has not been sculptured
In marble or in bronze;
You know that men receive no praise
Unplugging stopped-up johns.



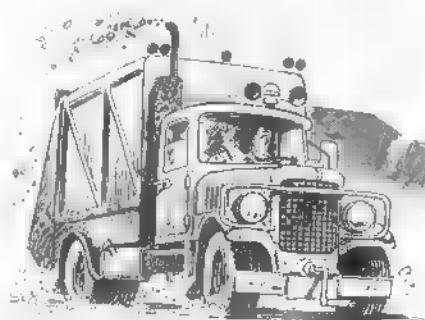
You're never in the columns;
You're never in the news;
The only thing you're ever in
Is icky, smelly ooze.



You'll never be a leader
And rule the world with power;
Who needs it when you charge a rate
Of fifty bucks an hour?



To A Garbage Man



At early dawn he makes his rounds
To pick up bones and coffee grounds;
He drives a bulging truck that creaks
And fills it up with stuff that reeks;



He wrecks our sleep, disturbs our peace,
Leaves trails of egg-shells,
lard and grease,
While littering our front-yard grass
With apple cores and broken glass,
And then befouls our flower-bed
With rotting meat and moldy bread!



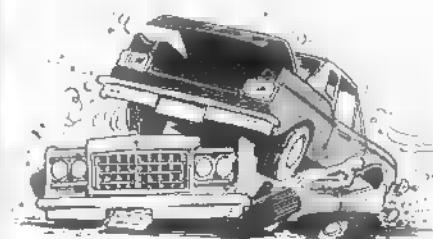
He is a man of pride, you see,
Who wants respect from you and me,
And that is why we call him here
A Sanitation Engineer!

To A Parking Attendant

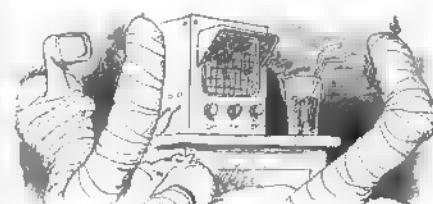
A boundless freedom fills your heart
With all that you can muster;
What does it matter that you smashed
The fender of that Duster?



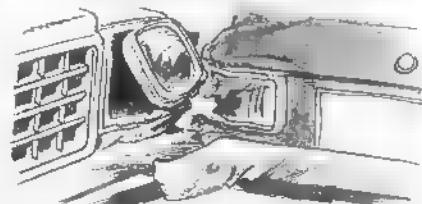
A carefree youth, that's what you are;
No love of life looms larger;
So what if parking that Peugeot
You backed into a Charger?



You're not hung up by rules and such;
Your world's a joy to be in;
Who cares if that Chevette you crunched
While backing a Capri in?



So live it up in days to come;
Enjoy each future labor;
That is, if you recover from
Your wrecking that Le Sabre.



To A Mover

Behold the mighty moving man
Who's loading up his giant van;
He prides himself on being strong and agile;
With great concern he carries out
Our precious goods, and we've no doubt
He'll handle gently boxes we've marked "Fragile."



With loving care he sets down crates
Of vases, lamps and costly plates;
We don't freak out—there's never any cause to;
However, we should make it clear
If you believe what's written here,
You probably believe in Santa Claus, too.

To A Loan-Shark

When money's scarce and we're refused
by banks all over town.
We turn to you because we know
you will not let us down;
You gladly give us what we need
so we can pay our rent.
And only charge an int'rest rate
of thirty-five per-cent.



And should we, by some careless whim,
your warnings fail to heed,
And somehow miss a payment on
the date which we've agreed,
Why, who's to say you shouldn't get
upset from such delays,
And break an arm or leg to show
the folly of our ways?

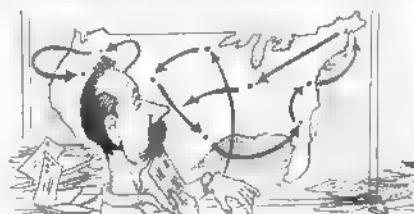


We fully understand your need
to clout and punch and maim,
And yet we know you'll stop in time
for murder's not your game;
You'd never kill your fellow man
because, within your trade,
Unless a client's left alive,
you never will get paid.

To a Postal Clerk



Let's now salute the postal clerk,
A man who does a hard day's work;
Amid great mounds of mail he stands
And sorts it with his own two hands;
He empties letters from their sacks,
Then piles them into tidy stacks,
In which they sit five days and then
Are dumped back in their sacks again;



He spots a letter from L.A.
Addressed to folks in Santa Fe;
He holds it out till two o'clock,
Then speeds it on to Little Rock;
A parcel meant for Denver he
Now sends to Washington, D.C.,
Dispatched upon an east-bound plane
By way of Kennebunkport, Maine,
Along with letters by the score
For Denver via Baltimore;



Small wonder as he ends his day,
He beams with pride, as if to say,
"It's good I've got this job to do;
If not, the mail
would not go through."

To An Accountant



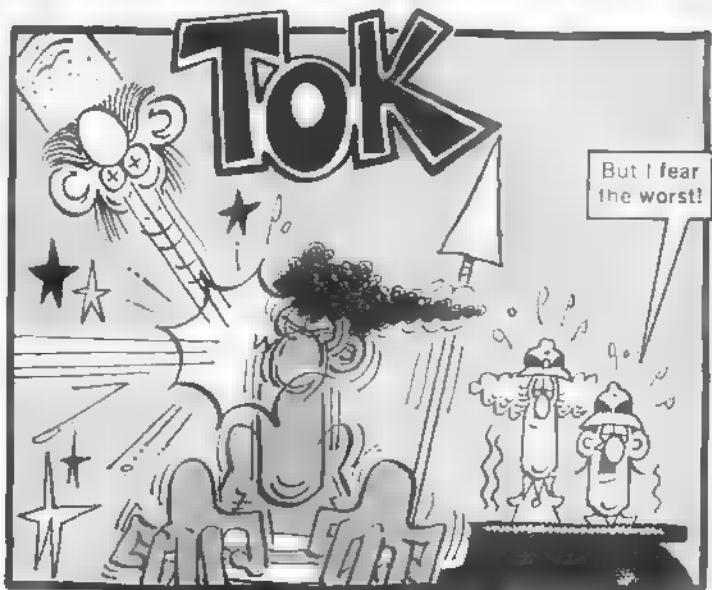
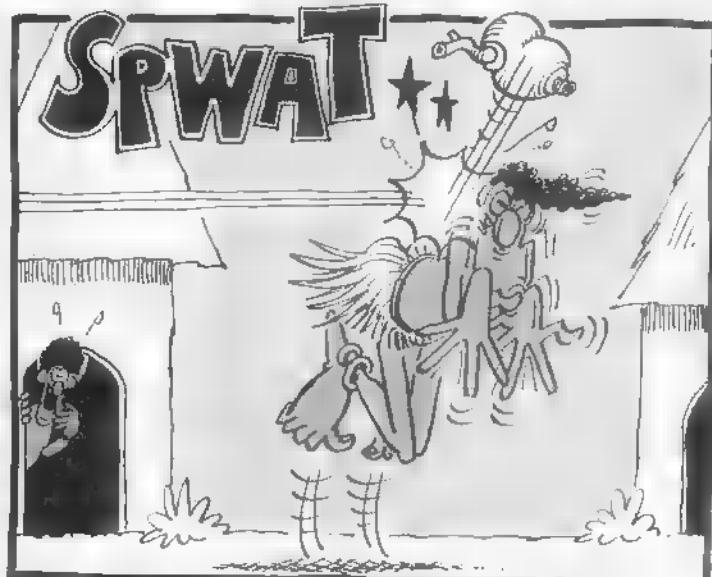
Forever he's regaling folks
and thinks they'll be impressed
With stories of withholding tax,
deductions and the rest;
He rattles off accounting tales
and other deadly stuff—
And now we'll end this verse because
we've bored you long enough.

To A Forgotten Government Official



A man can be a Congressman
And run a big committee;
A man can be a Governor
Or Mayor of a city;
A man can be a diplomat
And put on fancy airs;
But when a man's Vice President,
Let's face it—no one cares.

ONE AFTERNOON ON A REMOTE JUNGLE ISLAND



AD NAUSEA DEPT.

MAD has often denounced advertising as a deliberate insult to our intelligence. We've never quite believed that future happiness depended upon using a razor

that cuts whiskers off below the skin line, or that friends would turn on us if the fish we were cooking smelled like fish cooking. So the ads that preached

AN ADVERTISER WOULD

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

An Advertiser Would Have Us Believe...



...that guests will soon be rushing into our homes, flinging open our kitchen cabinets and subjecting us to humiliation if our glassware has a few water spots.

An Advertiser Would Have Us Believe...



...that a slick, big city announcer becomes more trustworthy when he puts on a grocer's apron, and speaks with a New England twang.

An Advertiser Would Have Us Believe...



...that if we lose our possessions in a hostile country, our chances of survival will depend upon what brand of travelers' checks we were carrying.

An Advertiser Would Have Us Believe...



...that no matter how totally our home is destroyed, the phone will still work to call our Insurance Agent... but only if we've had the good sense to pick the right Agent.

these doctrines struck us as dumb. But from the Ad-Man's point of view, our limited vision is not his fault. If only we'd see life as he wants us to see

it, then every TV commercial would make sense. It's just a matter of dropping our sales resistance (and our sanity) to accept the following points that...



LD HAVE US BELIEVE...

WRITER: TOM KOCH

An Advertiser Would Have Us Believe...



...that the Post Office Department's fast service "Express Mail" is a bargain at \$9.35, even though it's the very same thing that used to be called "Special Delivery" and cost 30¢.

An Advertiser Would Have Us Believe...



...that veterinarians actually recommend a cat food that is composed of 10% fish heads, 10% chicken guts and 80% water.

An Advertiser Would Have Us Believe...



...that we would expect to pay "\$200... \$300...even \$400" for the polyester suit that's now being offered to us for \$79.95.

An Advertiser Would Have Us Believe...



...that it will sell no wine before its time, so we should be happy and grateful that it just became time to sell all ten million bottles they've got stored in their warehouses. 37

An Advertiser Would Have Us Believe...



...that acquiring a 36-inch bust, a 22-inch waist, wavy blonde hair and perfect bone structure all depends upon choosing the right low-calorie diet cola.

An Advertiser Would Have Us Believe...



...that the preservation of our American Way depends upon re-electing some idiot to Congress who hasn't done anything for us in twelve years.

An Advertiser Would Have Us Believe...



...that its stockbrokers apparently work for the sheer fun of it, since they could all easily become rich and retire just by following their own investment advice.

An Advertiser Would Have Us Believe...



...that we can get a neighbor to spend his whole weekend doing free labor for us if we'll just reward him with his favorite beer when he's finished.

An Advertiser Would Have Us Believe...



...that our kids will beg to spend the whole evening brushing their teeth if only we'll buy them the good-tasting toothpaste with the red stripe down each glob.

An Advertiser Would Have Us Believe...



...that anxiety neurosis can be cured without expensive psychiatry, merely by switching to its brand of decaffeinated coffee for a few weeks.

An Advertiser Would Have Us Believe...



...that the Army is very finicky about the enlistees it accepts because of all the high-skill job training and free travel it gives to the lucky ones who get in.

An Advertiser Would Have Us Believe...



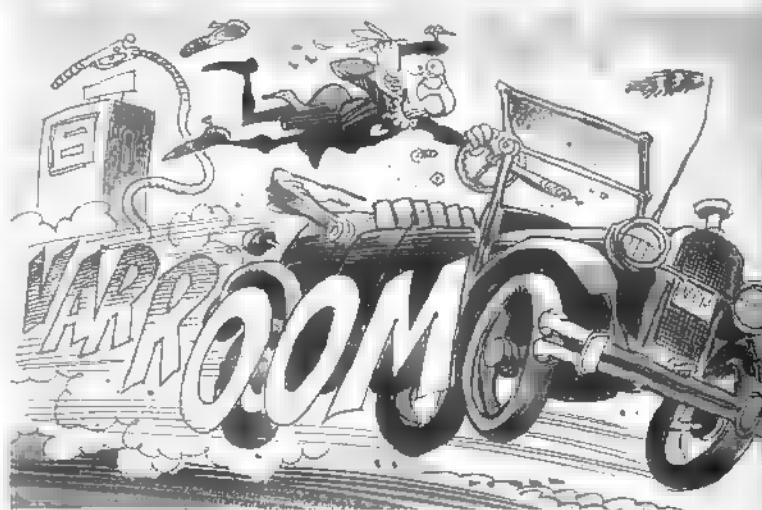
...that we can easily combat 10% inflation by putting our money in a savings bank that pays us 5½% interest and gives us a free toaster.

An Advertiser Would Have Us Believe...



...that the exorbitant amount of money we're paying for gasoline is being used to finance the search for new oil that will someday enable the company to lower its prices.

An Advertiser Would Have Us Believe...



...that its brand of 87-octane gasoline will make our car run like new even though every other brand of 87-octane gasoline makes it sputter and wheeze.

An Advertiser Would Have Us Believe...



...that serious Mother-Daughter talks consist of spreading the word that liberated women no longer must accept static electricity in their laundry as a burden of life.

An Advertiser Would Have Us Believe...



...that no one taking a "Comparison Taste Test" among cola drinks ever concluded that they all seem pretty much alike after all. 39

QUEASY DOES IT DEPT.

LOSE WEIGHT (MAINLY BECAUSE THE MAD GRO)



Invite a toothless derelict home for dinner.



Snack on things that attract flies.



Have your pet hound kiss you right after he eats, just before you eat.



Have your meal while baby-sitting an undiapered infant.



Use plates and cups with thumbprints and lipstick marks.

YOU LOSE YOUR APPETITE WITH... LOSS-OUT DIET

WRITER AND ARTIST: PAUL PETER PORGES



Leave your refrigerator unplugged during those hot spells in August.



Use live bait as the centerpiece when serving spaghetti.



Dine with someone who has halitosis or dandruff or acne.



Listen to a detailed account of an operation.



Eat something that's still alive.

"T" AND "A" DEPT.

Do you need a group of highly-paid skilled professionals who can operate within and around the law to accomplish dangerous specialized assignments? Then hire

'THE * A

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

ASININE

Ten years ago, 4 members of a crack commando unit were sent to prison by a Military Court... for a crime they didn't commit!

Oh? What were they accused of...?

Assault with deadly weapons! Mainly, their personalities!

But then, the 4 promptly escaped from a maximum security stockade!

Are you kidding?! Those clowns look like they couldn't escape from an oncoming glacier!!

Today, the 4 are still fugitives... hunted by the Authorities...

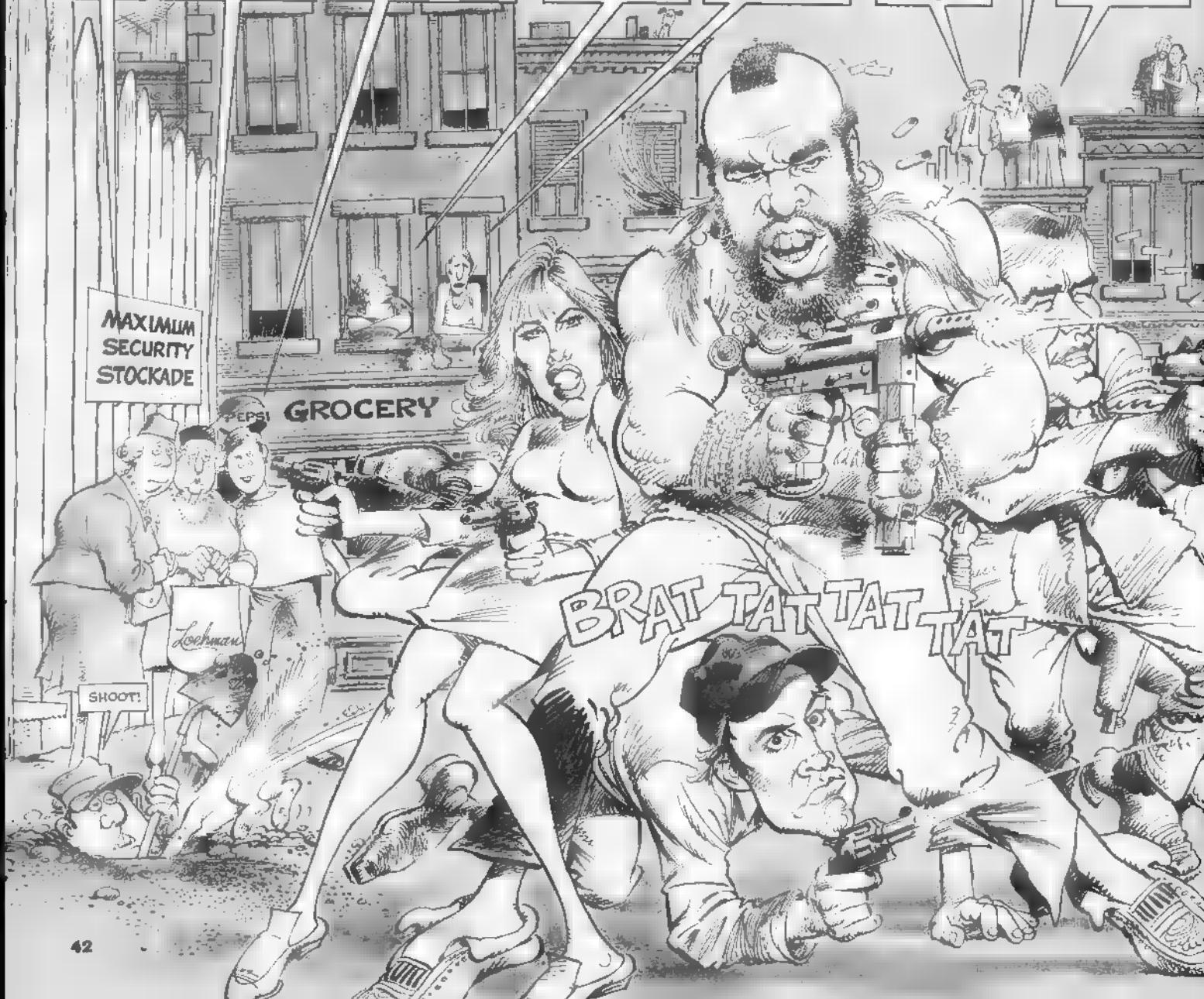
Do you believe that ANYONE who wants to hire them can find them, but the Authorities CAN'T???

Sure! But then, I ALSO believe ■ Black dude like him would hang around WASP turkeys like them!!

Where did he get that outfit?! From the "Sammy Davis Ready-To-Wear Catalogue"?

Doesn't he realize that he looks like a goofy Punk Rock schmuck with that dopey haircut... and a flaming Faggot with all that tacky jewelry???

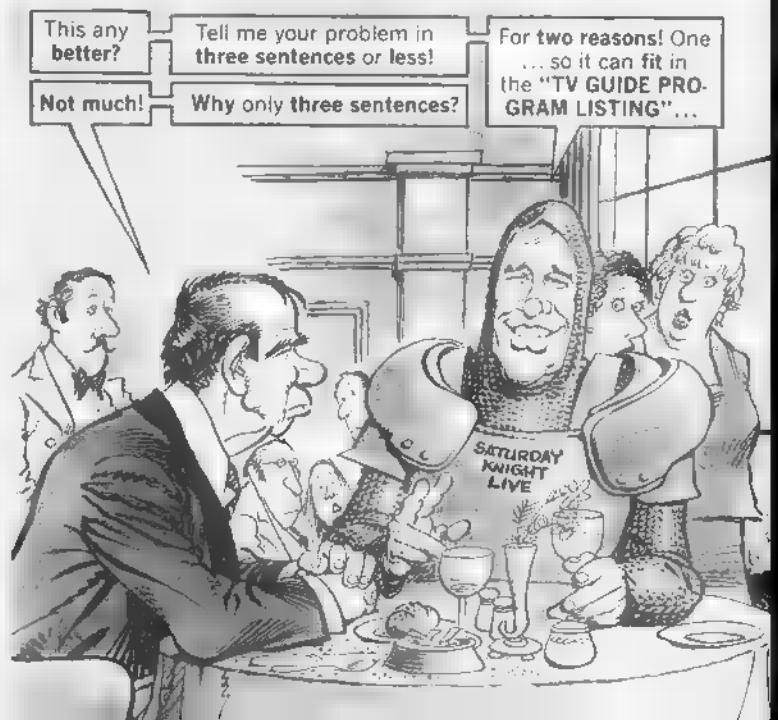
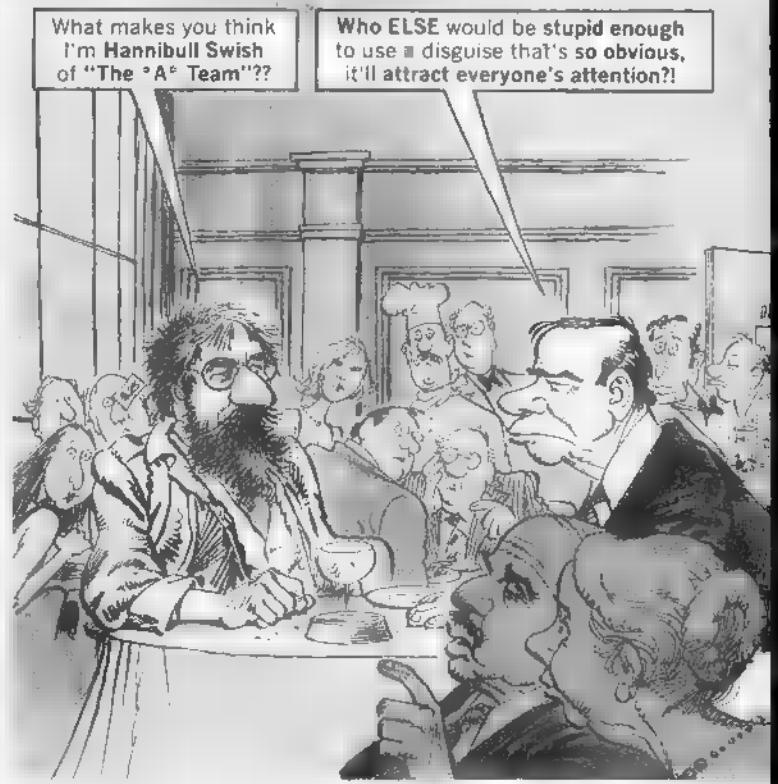
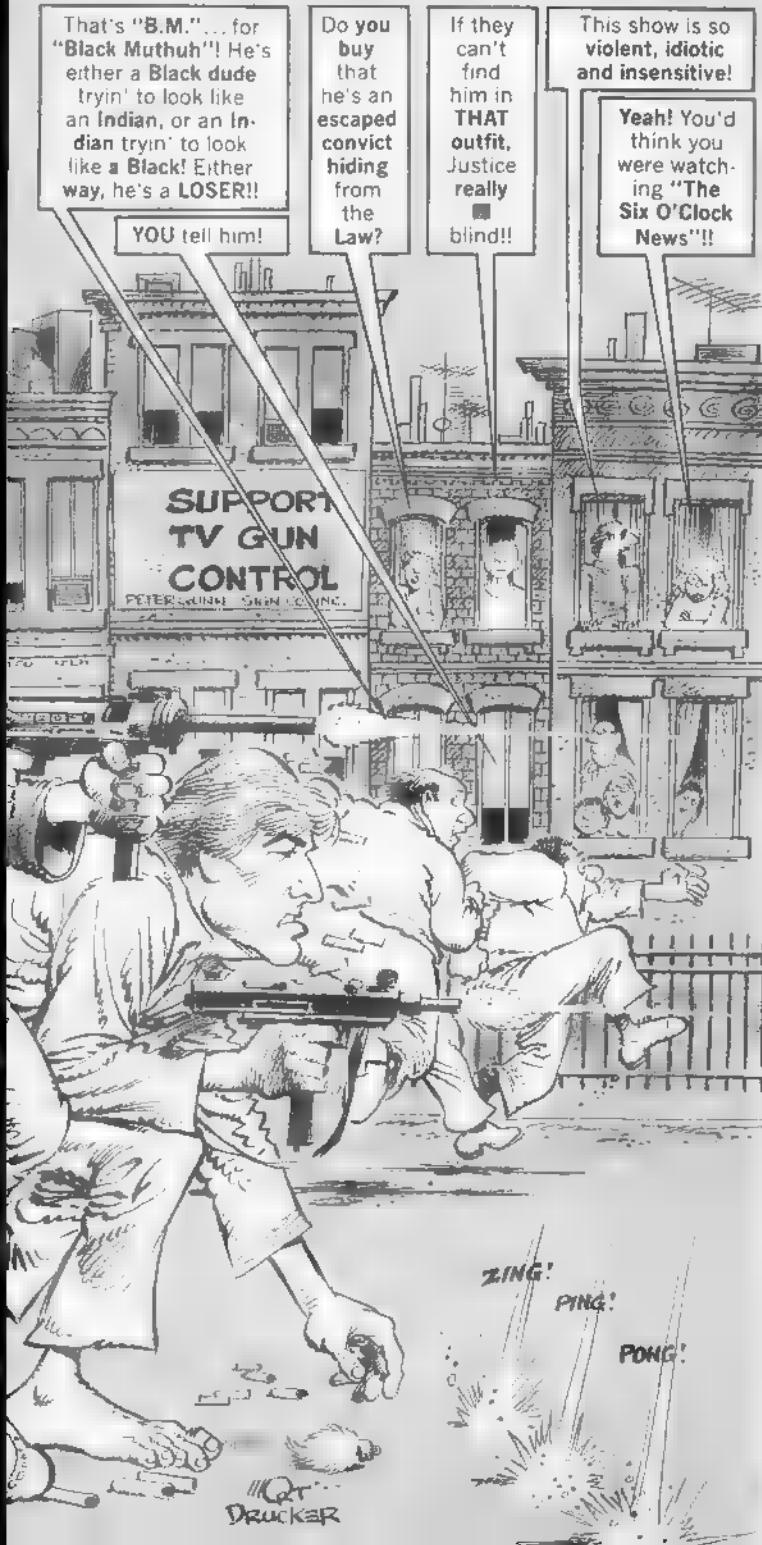
YOU tell him!



the old "Mission Impossible" team! But if you want a group of bumbling misfit mercenaries whose only advantage is: they always forget to get paid, then try

* TEAM

WRITER: STAN HART



And two... if you outline the plot **FAST ENOUGH**, no one will realize that it doesn't makes sense!

A group of terrorists have occupied a nuclear power plant! Unless we agree to free their leader from prison, they will blow up the plant and release massive amounts of deadly radiation!

That's really great!

Are you crazy?! WHAT'S great?!

You outlined the plot in only **TWO** sentences!

You'll have to work fast! You don't have much time!!

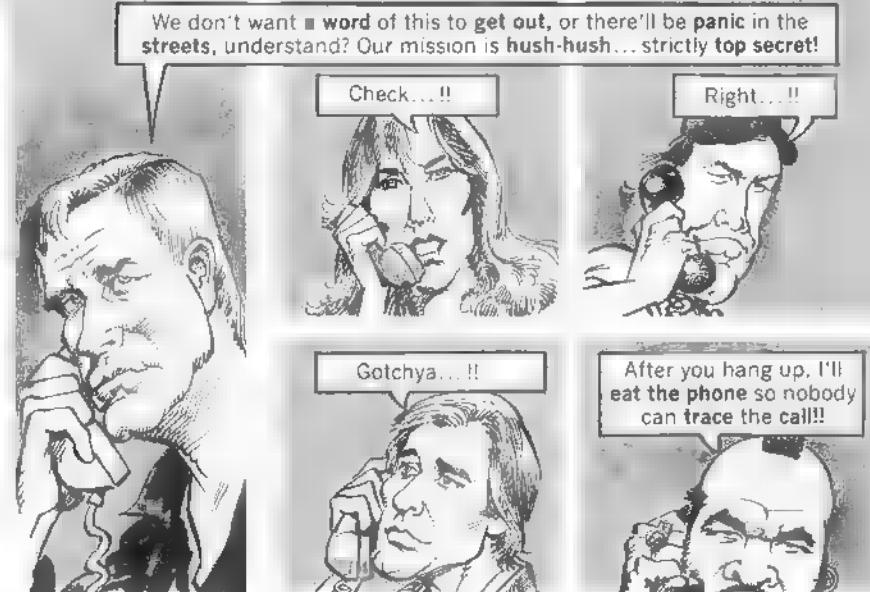
Right! Only sixty minutes, not counting commercials, station breaks, network promos, local ads, news capsules and the coming attractions for next week's show! All in all, that leaves us with about forty minutes, tops!



Now, about the **FEE** for The **"A"** Team?

We'll talk about that later! Did you notify the Nuclear Regulatory Agency? They've got an emergency, red alert, catastrophe hot line!

I know...! Unfortunately, it's an **UNLISTED NUMBER**!



I rented the 'copter like you asked, but I'm kinda puzzled! How come, if you're wanted by the U.S. Government, you pick a **VA Hospital** to hide out in???

Because the U.S. Government bureaucracy is so fouled up, they've got no idea who's here and who's not! Next to the U.S. Post Office, it's the best place to lose something!

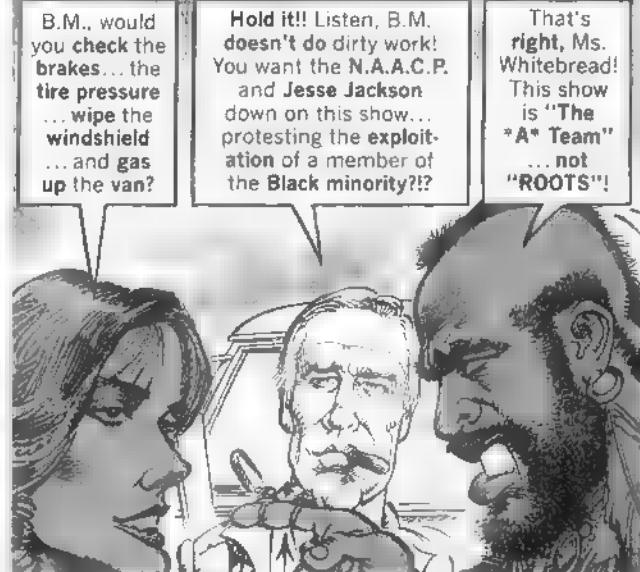
Hey, how many times can that psycho escape?

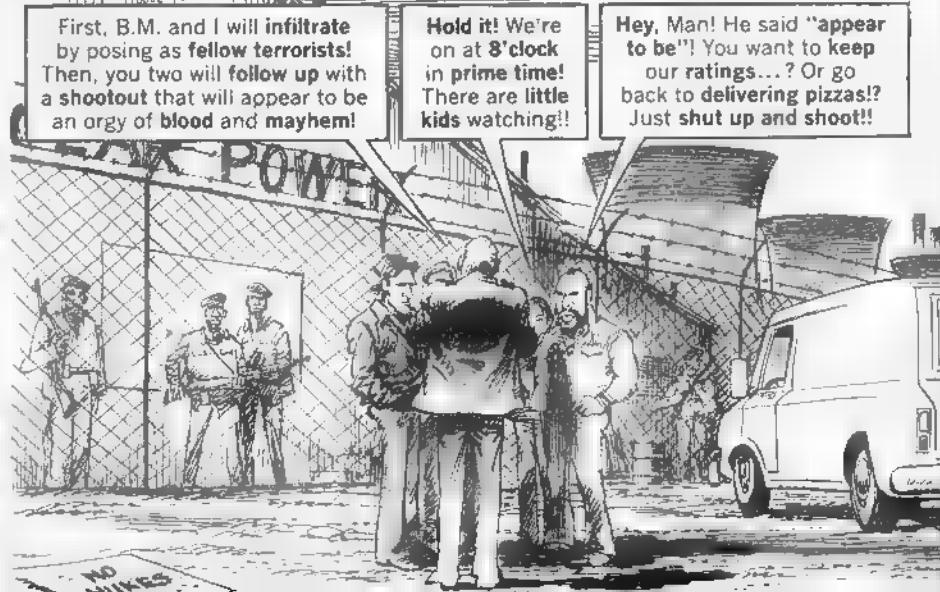
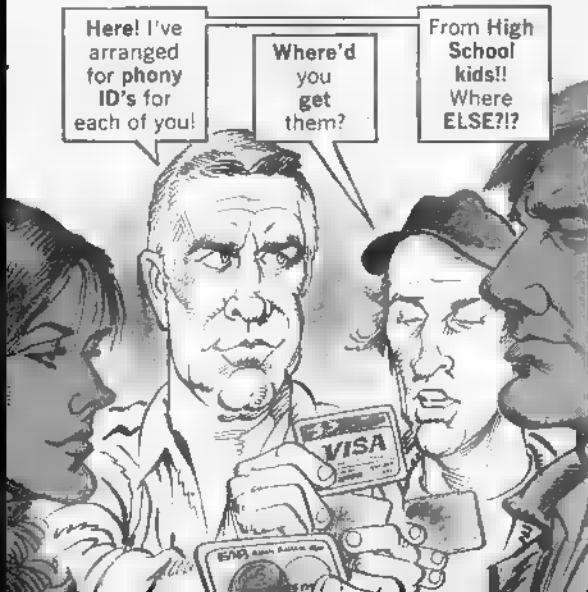
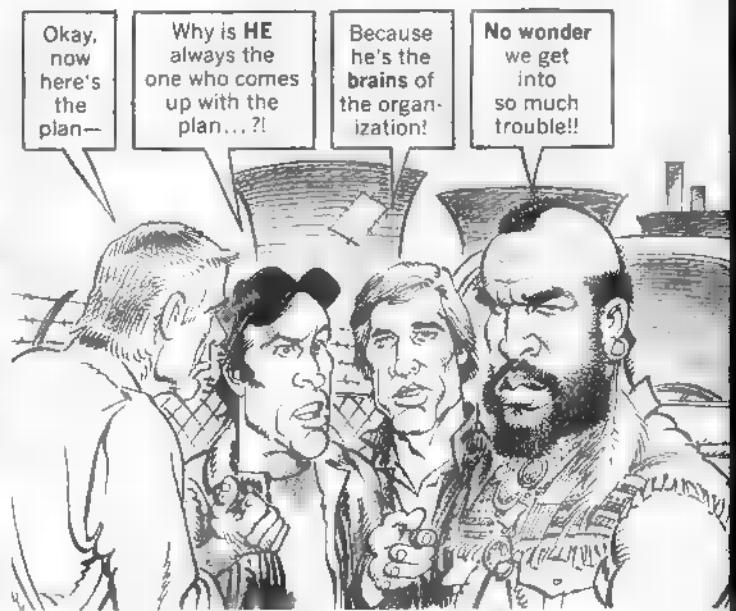
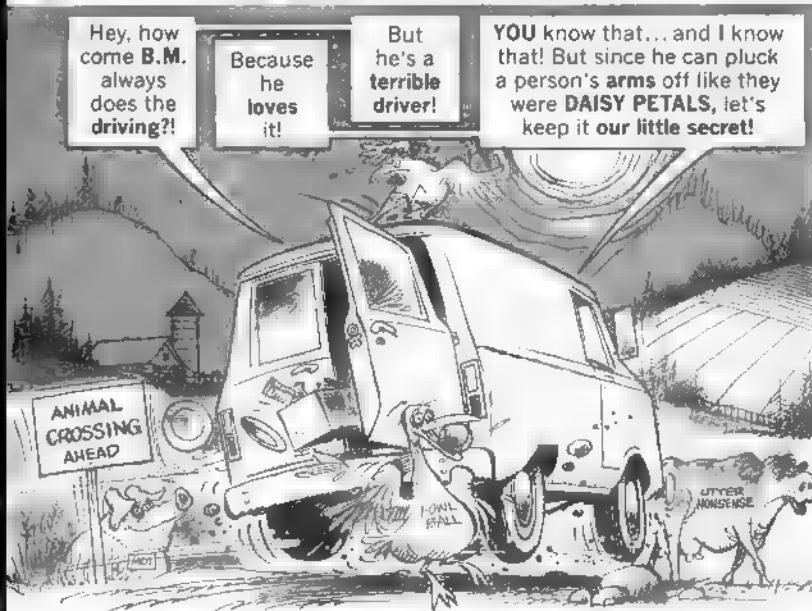
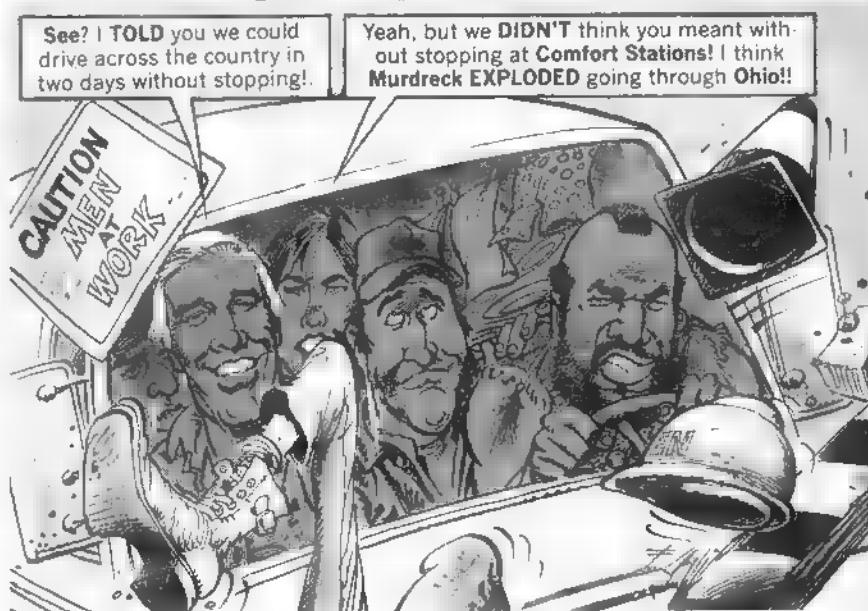
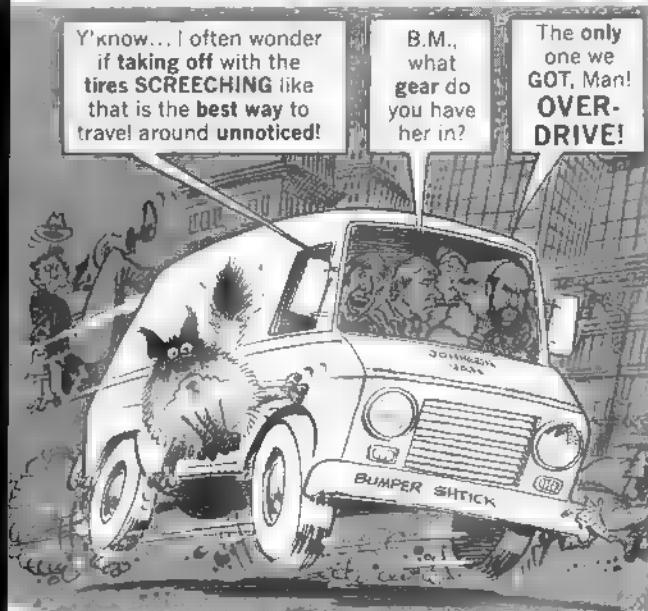
Figure once a week for 26 weeks ... 39 if you count re-runs!

B.M., would you check the brakes... the tire pressure ... wipe the windshield ... and gas up the van?

Hold it!! Listen, B.M. doesn't do dirty work! You want the N.A.A.C.P. and Jesse Jackson down on this show... protesting the exploitation of a member of the Black minority???

That's right, Ms. Whitebread! This show is "**"The "A" Team"**" ... not "**"ROOTS"**!





I don't think you're gonna get away with that **disguise**, Handball...!!

That's **HANNIBULL!**

I can't take much more of this...!

You mean so much violence?

No... so much **NOISE!** The sounds of our punches are **INCREDIBLE!!**

He's right!! One more fist fight, and we'll all wind up with permanent hearing loss!!



The only connection between the plant's Control Area and the outside world is this radioactive dump! All we have to do is swim up the disposal conduit pipe, and we're there!

But it's so dark in there! How are we gonna see?

Hmmmm! I've got it!! We'll take along one of the kids who live around here! I'm sure that... by now... they glow in the dark!

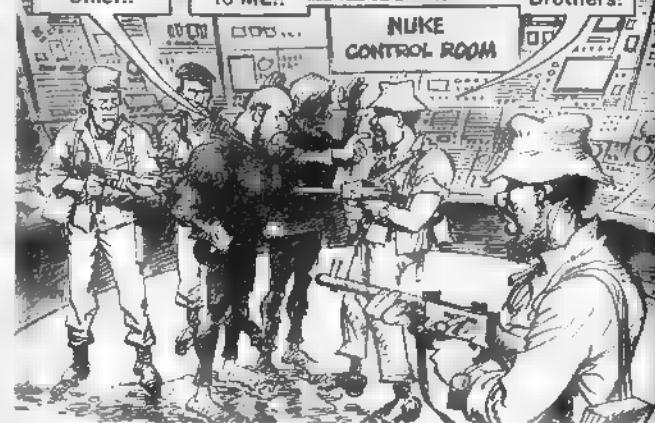


We're with the organization! We got a message for the Chief!!!

HE don't look like no Brother to ME!!

You calling me illar?! Because if you ARE, I just might decide to have your face for breakfast!!

Uh... Well ... in THAT case, welcome Brothers!



I thought you had them convinced, B.M.!

I DID... until you told 'em you were in the Beverly Hills Unit ... operating out of Gucci's!!

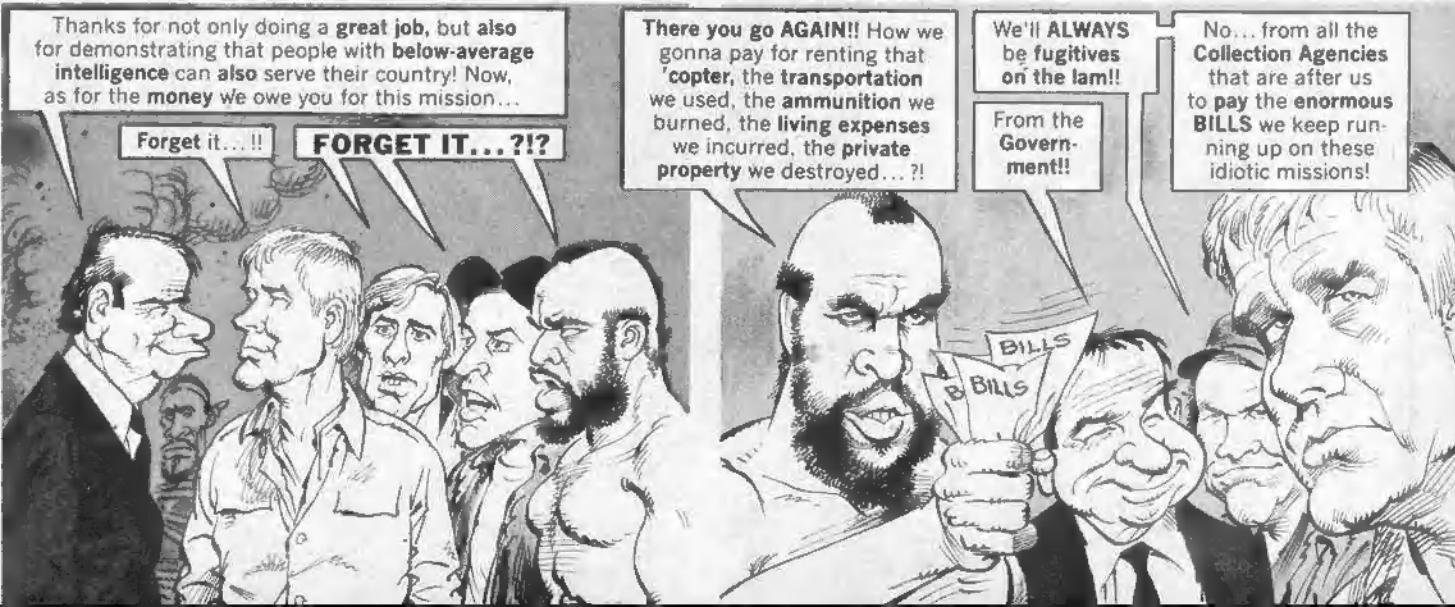
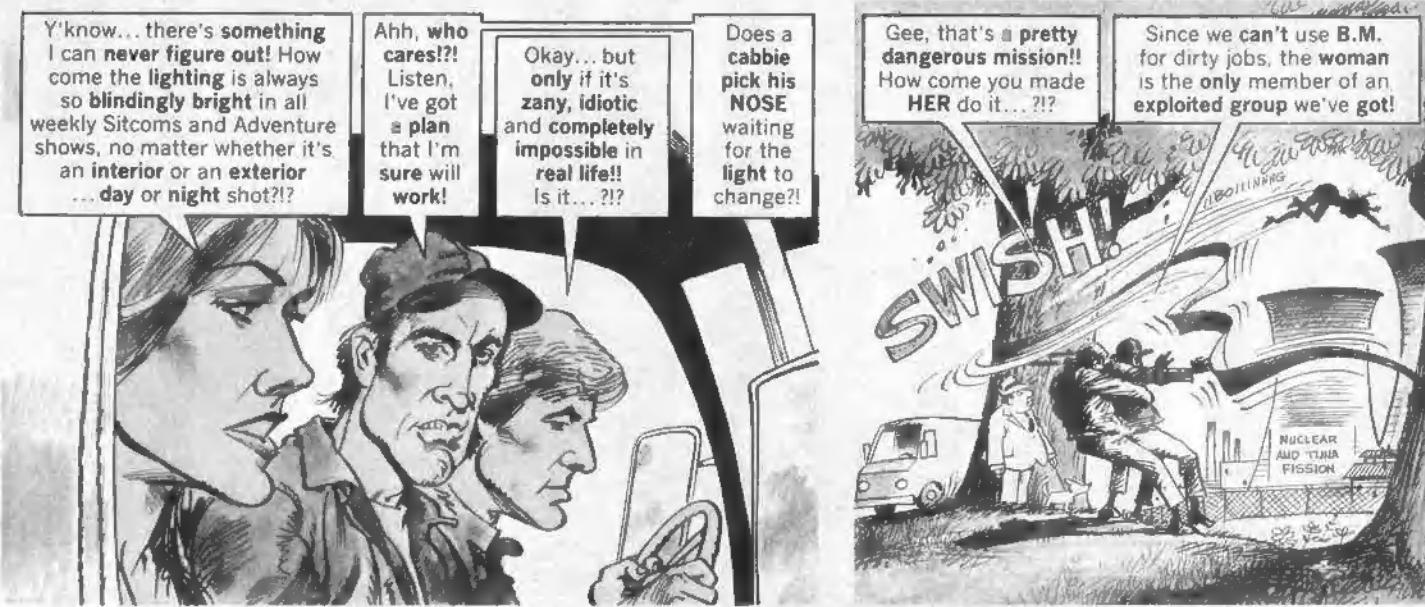
We're in real trouble now, Hannibilge!

That's **HANNIBULL!!**

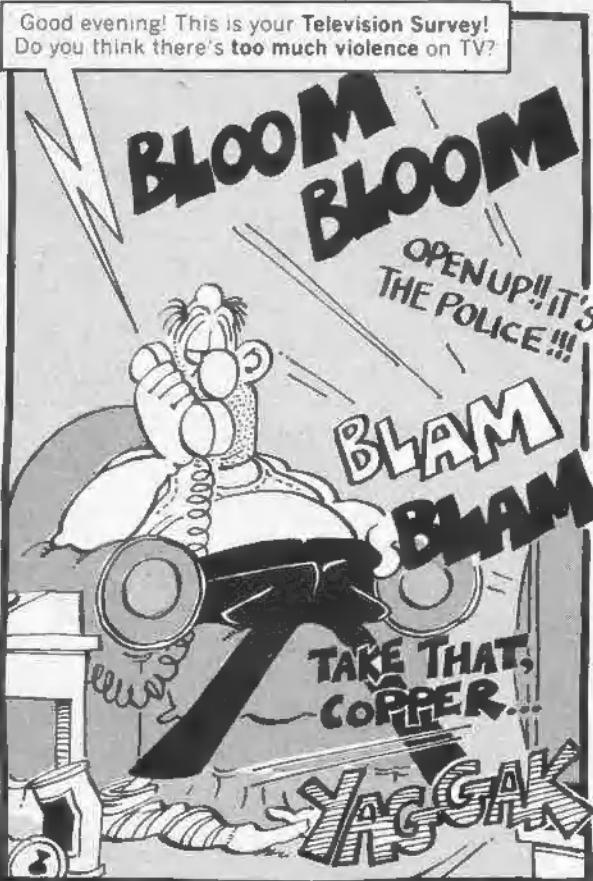
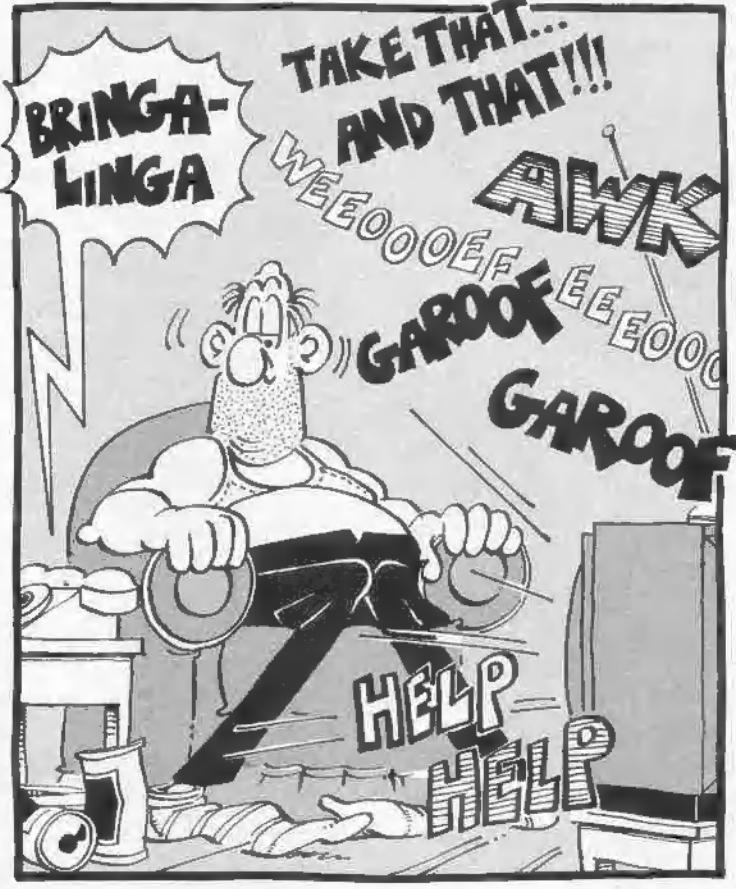
And besides your ignorance, you know what else strikes me odd?!! That, week after week, you're no more help to me than an ordinary person half your size would be!!

Oh, yeah?! Well, try an episode WITHOUT me... and let's just see who'll watch it, Pretty Boy!!





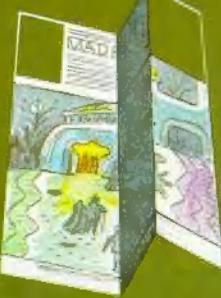
ONE FINE EVENING DURING PRIME TIME



WHAT IS CHANGING AMERICA'S DRINKING HABITS?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS **MAD FOLD-IN**

America's drinking habits are constantly changing. What we drink, where we drink and how we drink depends on many varied factors. To find out what has caused the latest big change in our drinking habits, fold in this page as shown at the right.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



MOST STUDIES OF DRINKING HABITS HAVE
CONTAINED MISINFORMATION. HERE, WE HAVE ELIMINATED
THE NONSENSE. ONCE WE START TO DRINK,
WE'VE GOT TO PAY THE PRICE—SOONER OR LATER!

A

B

ONE-ON-ONE NIGHT IN THE LABORATORY

